

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 159.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1830.

PRICE 8d.

The Life and Correspondence of Admiral Lord Rodney. By Major-General Mundy. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Murray.

If in pictures of domestic affection these letters of Rodney are eclipsed by those of Collingwood, it cannot be denied that, in national importance, they are much superior, and form a valuable portion of our maritime history during those eventful times when, in the Mediterranean and the West Indies, we were fearfully out-numbered by the navies of France and Spain. The biographical portion aids in rendering some of the letters intelligible, and supplies many traits of courage and kindness for which Rodney was distinguished—it is, however, less ample than we could have wished, and leaves us less acquainted with his domestic character than what we looked for from a relative. We must, however, suppose, that Major-General Mundy has told us all that the family memory and memorials can supply. There is no doubt that he has done his duty conscientiously; and we only regret that there is so little to say concerning one who merits so much. We compared these volumes with those of Collingwood. It must be confessed, that Collingwood was but one of a band of heroes, and that his actions were surpassed, or equalled, by those of Nelson, Jervis, and Duncan; whilst Rodney stood single and alone, and, moreover, was the founder of a new school of maritime tactics, by which we have triumphed over the combined navies of Europe. There never was, indeed, a period in our history, since the days of the Spanish Armada, that looked so dark and ominous for this island, as that in which Rodney triumphed. When the French had a Napoleon for the land, we had one for the waves;—if Bonaparte gained a great victory on shore, Nelson kept pace with him by sea; and the war which made him master of the earth, left us mistress of the ocean; we had therefore less to fear, even while the army of England menaced invasion, than when France and Spain united their navy in the days of De Grasse and Rodney.

For these reasons we attach great value to these volumes. The lives of our Soldiers—and we have had many great ones—sink in national importance before those of our Seamen. We can be, and we are, the first maritime nation on earth; but we never can be the first military nation—on the field we are fearfully outnumbered. France, Spain, Prussia, and Russia have matched us with generals; but with our illustrious admirals they have had none to compare. If we say nothing of Blake, Raleigh, Rupert, James the Second, Monk, Keppel, Rodney, Howe, Jervis, Duncan, Collingwood, and Nelson, we have still many great sea-officers worthy of being named with the best of any nation. Blake and Nelson stand pre-eminent—they were

the chief masters of maritime warfare; and though equalled in science by Rupert, and James the Second, and, perhaps, by Rodney—for inventive genius and promptitude of talent they have had no rivals. Nor should the lineage of these men be forgotten in the account—they came from the people—they were of humble birth. Rupert and his cousin were princes; Rodney and Collingwood could boast of old descent; but Blake and Nelson had to climb to distinction, without help from gentle blood or noble patronage. Their manners—let us take those of Nelson and Rodney—denoted their lineage. The former acquired an ascendancy over the minds of his men by a spirit prompt, fiery, and decisive in action, and by a mood pleasant and familiar when the contest was over; Rodney, on the other hand, was not a little haughty, and even austere—he ever bore in mind that his descent was long and unblemished; and he seemed ever afraid of diminishing the lustre of his quarters, by being familiar and social with his officers. Those who fought like men with Rodney, would have fought like heroes with Nelson. Yet let us not blame the former because he found a different road to glory: they both desired to wield the whole energies of their crews, and both accomplished what they wished. There is no doubt that Rodney assumed a little sternness, from a belief that it brought obedience; he could have been companionable and pleasant, had he looked upon that as a safe way to glory.

The story of his life is soon told; and when it is related, it is but little to the honour of our country. We are almost as ungrateful to our great men, as were the Greeks and Romans. Nelson died a poor Viscount, for all his victories; Rodney vanquished De Grasse, and was deprived of his command; Marlborough was insulted in the House of Lords, and attacked by the people, and had to pay for the building of the house which was voted by the nation; and, to sum up our ingratitude, whilst we are writing this, an English mob is throwing mud at Wellington! From that Sir Richard Rodney who died fighting side by side with Richard the First at the storming of Acre, descended Admiral Lord Rodney. He was born in 1718—educated at Harrow—went to sea when he was twelve years old—and fought his way up to distinction step by step: we have no generals of twenty-five, nor admirals till they are grey-headed. On the 10th of May, 1759, he was created Rear-Admiral, and the name of Rodney became known to friend and foe: his successes against the French in the West Indies obtained him the rank of Vice-Admiral of the Blue, a baronetage, and made him Governor of Greenwich Hospital. During his governorship, which commenced in 1765, and lasted four years, it happened

that a severe frost set in, and, as few of the pensioners were allowed great coats, they suffered severely. They applied to Sir George Rodney, and it required no better eloquence than, "I am an old sailor, and this is nipping weather, your Honour—may I have a great coat?" to prevail and obtain one. Let Major-General Mundy tell the rest:—

"The consequence of this was, that great coats became so general, and the demand increased so much, that the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Boys, at the next board, took upon him to represent the Governor's conduct as extremely reprehensible. Sir George, who was present, got up; and after expressing his surprise at the Lieutenant-Governor's conduct, very calmly said to him, 'I have the greatest respect for you as a man, who, by the greatest merit, has raised himself from the station of a foremast man to the rank of an Admiral,—a circumstance which not only does you the highest honour but would have led me to have expected you as an advocate instead of an opposer to such a necessary indulgence. Many of the poor men at the door have been your shipmates, and once your companions. Never hurt a brother sailor; and let me warn you against two things more: The first is, in future not to interfere between me and my duty as Governor; and the second is, not to object to these brave men having great coats, whilst you are so fond of one as to wear it by the side of as good a fire as you are sitting by at present. There are very few young sailors that come to London without paying Greenwich Hospital a visit, and it shall be the rule of my conduct, as far as my authority extends, to render the old men's lives so comfortable, that the younger shall say, when he goes away, 'Who would not be a sailor, to live as happy as a Prince in his old age!'" and Sir George kept his word, for from that time every man was allowed a great coat." i. 102—4.

Hitherto high hopes and increasing fame were his; the year 1774 brought him disappointment and sorrow: he was well acquainted in the West Indies, and aspired to what his services and talents justly entitled him—the Governorship of Jamaica. It was given to Sir Basil Keith; and he struck his flag, and came to London. His ill fortune did not forsake him ashore: "He possessed a pleasing and handsome exterior," says his son-in-law, "with the courteous manners and address of the accomplished gentleman,—qualities not particularly valued by the navy in those days,—he had, at all times, when on shore, been received into the highest circles of fashion; and, his heart being warm and generous, he not unfrequently found himself involved in pecuniary difficulties. The words of the Scottish bard of nature might well be applied to him.

He ne'er was giv'n to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wadn't hide in—
With him it ne'er was underhiding—
He dealt it free."

In truth, the passion for gambling triumphed in those days amongst the great.

At the assemblies of our earls and dukes whole fortunes were wrecked; and it has been asserted that Rodney, so wise and circumspect on board a ship, was forsaken by his wisdom and prudence the moment he sat down by the side of the seductive duchesses: the consequences might have been foreseen—he was obliged to take refuge in Paris. When the war commenced between England and her American colonies, Rodney desired to pay his debts, and receive a command in the fleet. He was long unsuccessful. At last he found a friend where he least of all looked for one. Marshal Biron heard of his embarrassments—offered in the most delicate manner to befriend him—and made it even look like a compliment paid to himself, when he pressed a thousand pieces of gold upon him, and sent him rejoicing to England. The generous Frenchman had nearly suffered for this; his country soon afterwards declared war, and sent a powerful fleet into the West Indies, under De Grasse. It was crushed in one decisive battle by Rodney, which so exasperated the people of Paris, that they attacked Biron, and he escaped with difficulty. The money was repaid.

On receiving the command of the fleet, he found that the war with our American children was far from being popular among his captains. The unfortunate engagement which Keppel fought in 1778, was an instance of party spirit. Rodney, by his vigilance and firmness of character, resolved to make every man do his duty; and away he sailed, with the twofold purpose of protecting the West Indies and relieving Gibraltar. It is, perhaps, not the least remarkable circumstance of this expedition, that it bore, as midshipman, Prince William Henry, who demeaned himself throughout like a true lover of his country. The following letter describing the appearance of the future King of England, will be read with interest:—

“Prince William Henry has been here for some time past, repairing his ship, where all ranks are vying with each other in making grand entertainments for their illustrious visitor.

“The Prince is quite the officer, never wearing any other dress than his uniform, and his star and garter only when receiving addresses, or on any other public occasion. He has not slept a night out of his ship since his arrival in these seas, until coming into English Harbour, when the ships heaving down obliged him to be on shore. His Royal Highness shows the most amiable disposition and condescension on every occasion, sees into the detail of the business of his ship, and delivers his own orders with the most minute attention to the duty and discipline of the frigate (the *Pegasus*). In short, he promises to be, what we all hope and wish, the restorer of the ancient glory of the British Navy.”

Of his battle with Don Juan de Langaza we can give little or no account; it was brief and bloody—the Spaniards made a gallant resistance—but were completely discomfited, with the loss of six ships of the line, one of which was the admiral’s own. It appears that he was far from satisfied with the conduct of some of his captains. “One thing,” he thus writes to Lady Rodney, “I can say, without dread of reproach, that I can defy envy, malice, or even villany to tax me with not having done my duty even to the utmost extent; but without a thorough change in naval affairs, the discipline of our navy will be lost.” The dislike which they had to the war with America, and the stern

demeanour of Rodney, united to render the situations of many deserving officers not a little bitter: their anger at one time arose nearly to mutiny, and drove the Admiral almost to madness. Having relieved Gibraltar, and permitted Langaza, whose health was declining, to pass into Spain, he sailed for the West Indies, to the conquest of the French and Dutch islands; when he had the satisfaction of falling in with the French Fleet, who, nothing loth, offered themselves for battle. Rodney, though inferior in numbers, instantly attacked; but of all his ships, four only behaved well. Ignorance, cowardice, and disaffection were his worst enemies; and the French sailed almost uninjured away, wondering at our forbearance. Rodney singled out one officer who had, along with others, disobeyed his signal—put him under arrest, and had him tried and broken by a court-martial. This intimidated others, and discipline and subordination was restored.

We must hasten to the battle which decided the mastery of the seas—the memorable action with De Grasse on the 12th of April, 1782. The account by Sir Gilbert Blane, who was present, will be read with much interest; not the least curious part, is that which ascribes the first hint of the “Breaking of the Line” to Lord Cranstoun. This decisive movement has been imputed to Clark, of Eildon, to Sir Charles Douglas, and to Lord Rodney; it seems to have been present to the minds of too many naval officers at once to belong to any one of them. We shall quote what Sir Gilbert Blane says on this subject, and regret we cannot extract the whole letter.

“About half an hour before the engagement commenced, at breakfast on board of the *Formidable*, the company consisting of the Admiral, Sir Charles Douglas, captain of the fleet (an officer whose functions nearly correspond with those of the adjutant-general of an army), Captain Simmons, commander of the ship, Lord Cranstoun, a volunteer post captain, the admiral’s secretary, and myself, the conversation naturally turned on the glorious prospects of the day; and Lord Cranstoun remarked, that if our fleet maintained its present relative position, steering the same course close hauled on the opposite tack to the enemy, we must necessarily pass through their line in running along, and closing with it in action.

“The admiral visibly caught the idea, and no doubt decided in his own mind at that moment to attempt a manœuvre at that time hitherto unpractised in naval tactics.” ii. 228-9.

Rodney having been censured for not following up his victory by the pursuit of the enemy’s fleet, wrote the following satisfactory reasons, which were found amongst his papers.

“The length of the battle was such as to cripple the greatest part of the van and centre, and some ships of the rear, that to have pursued all night would have been highly improper, as the prisoners on board the prizes could not have been shifted, and those, with the much-crippled ships of the British fleet, might have been exposed to a recapture, as the night was extremely dark, and the enemy going off in a close connected body, might have defeated, by rotation, the ships that had come up with them, and thereby exposed the British fleet, after a victory, to a defeat; more especially as some of the British fleet were dispersed, and at a very considerable distance from each other; and I had reason to conclude that they would have

done more damage to each other than to the enemy, during a night action, and considering the very great fatigue they had undergone during the battle of a whole day.

“If I had inconsiderately bore away in the night, and left the two ninety-gun ships, the *Prince George* and *Duke*, and several others greatly damaged, with the *Ville de Paris*, and the captured ships, without shifting the prisoners, the enemy, who went off in a body of twenty-six ships of the line, might, by ordering two or three of their best sailing ships or frigates to have shown lights at times, and by changing their course, have induced the British fleet to have followed them, while the main of their fleet, by hiding their lights, might have hauled their wind, and have been far to windward before day-light, and intercepted the captured ships, and the most crippled ships of the English; as likewise have had it in their power, while the British fleet had during the night gone far to leeward, and thereby rendered themselves incapable of gaining their station to windward, while having anchored in their own ports, and from thence have conquered the British Islands of Antigua, Barbadoes, and St. Lucie, while the British fleet must, from the damages they had received, have repaired to Jamaica, as the condition of all their masts would not have permitted their return to St. Lucia; and though Jamaica might have been saved, the Windward Islands might have been lost.” ii. 248—50.

Those who imagine that our sea officers speak a sort of slang, half ignorant, and half affected, will find nothing of the kind in the communications of Rodney, nor in those of any other commander with whose writings we are acquainted; we have heard little or none of it even amongst our common sailors. It is thus that he describes the battle to his lady:—

“The letters to my dear girls will inform you of my course to endeavour to intercept the French convoy; and though they escaped me, I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that they have now paid for all the insults France has offered England.

“On the 8th instant Monsieur Comte de Grasse, with the French fleet, put to sea. I instantly followed, and overtook them at daylight the next morning, under the island of Dominique. The calms and baffling winds under that island had nearly proved fatal to England: the French fleet of thirty-three sail of the line had the breeze first, my van division some little time after, and, what was provoking, but myself with half my division could follow Sir Samuel Hood. The action instantly began, and continued with intervals the greatest part of the day, when to their mortification sixteen ships of my rear were becalmed under Dominique, and were only spectators of the battle. Had the French fleet come down as they ought, in all probability half my fleet would have suffered extremely; but they, as usual, kept at an awful distance, and only made a cannonade, in which, however, they did us considerable damage in our masts and rigging, and I lost my best lieutenant and fifteen men killed and wounded; and one of my brave captains killed—Captain Bayne, of the *Alfred*. The enemy after this affair kept to windward at a great distance, as several of their ships were pretty well handled, and had received no small damage.

“I ordered my fleet to lie to, not only to repair our damage, but likewise to deceive the enemy, and make them think that I was unwilling, or in no condition to attack them again. This had its effect, and they proved not so attentive as they ought; and upon my making the signal for the whole British fleet to chase to windward for the whole day, in the afternoon we perceived two of their crippled ships far

from the rest, and I thought they might be cut off. With this view I ordered the whole fleet to give chase again, and several of my ships were near the enemy in the evening, who made signals of distress to their friends, who were so far to windward, it was impossible for me to attack them.

"The distress of their friends brought the Comte de Grasse down to their assistance. This obliged me to recall my ships, which were in danger of being overpowered by numbers. This, however, brought the French fleet near to me; and by making a signal after it was dark that it was my intention to make a press of sail all night, and stand to the southward, which was from the French, and tacking at two in the morning, at daylight on the 12th instant I had the happiness to perceive that my manoeuvre had succeeded, and that we had gained the wind of the enemy, and instantly made the signal to attack them.

"The battle began at seven in the morning, and continued till sunset, nearly eleven hours; and by persons appointed to observe, there never was seven minutes' respite during the engagement, which, I believe, was the severest that ever was fought at sea, and the most glorious for England. We have taken five, and sunk another. Among the prizes the Ville de Paris, and the French admiral, grace our victory.

"Comte de Grasse, who is at this moment sitting in my stern gallery, tells me that he thought his fleet superior to mine, and does so still, though I had two more in number; and I am of his opinion, as his was composed all of large ships, and ten of mine only sixty-four.

"I am of opinion that the French will not face us again this war, for the ships which have escaped are so shattered, and their loss of men so great, that I am sure they will not be able to repair or replace either in the West Indies. Had it not been for this fortunate event, Jamaica had been gone. I shall instantly go, or send succours there.

"I hope this joyful news will raise the spirits at home, and I do not doubt but you will meet with a gracious reception at St. James's: do not forget to go. Adieu. I have had no sleep these four nights, and am at this moment looking out for their shattered fleet, though mine has suffered not a little. It is odd, but within two little years I have taken two Spanish, one French, and one Dutch admiral. Providence does it all, or how should I escape the shot of thirty-three sail of the line, every one of which, I believe, attacked me! but the Formidable proved herself worthy of her name.

"John was not with me; he had sprung his bowsprit, and was at Barbadoes. I am extremely sorry for it, for if he lives a hundred years he never may have such another opportunity.

"My best love to my dear girls, and
"Believe me, &c. &c. &c."

The great victory which gave her naval superiority to England, was won on the 12th of April. On the first of May it was his Majesty's pleasure that Rodney should strike his flag, give up his command to Sir Hugh Pigott, and return home. Well has Major-General Mundy spoken concerning it.

"Conduct such as this, so unjust to the gallant individual whom it was meant to humble, was highly discreditable to the new government; but the transaction is upon record, and must ever meet with the reprobation of every real patriot who can appreciate great and glorious deeds, and prefer the interests of his country to the base and contemptible artifices of faction, which dishonour human nature, too often betraying the most malignant and unworthy passions."

The loss of his command in the moment of victory was not the only vexation; it is little to the honour of Chatham, that the conqueror of Langara and De Grasse, had such a letter to write as the following:—

"To the Earl of Chatham.

"London, March 18th, 1780.

"My son, Captain Rodney, who had the honour of waiting upon you yesterday, and to whom you had been so obliging to promise a guardship at Portsmouth, informs me that he is likely to be deprived of that favour, owing to the part I have lately taken in parliament by supporting the royal authority, which I thought was in danger, but thank God, is again restored with the health of the king, which I hope he will long continue to enjoy, and England never feel again the dreadful crisis she lately experienced.

"I was bred, my Lord, a royalist, my heart and my family are firmly attached to the house of Hanover and the constitution of the State as settled at the revolution. I have ever endeavoured to prove myself a faithful servant to the King and State, and I may venture to call upon your Lordship to prove, that when entrusted with high authority, I did not suffer my mind to be warped by party prejudices; and though I then knew that your Lordship and all your connexions were in strong opposition to Administration, I risked the resentment of that Administration by promoting your brother (the son of that great man whose memory will ever be dear to this country) to a command, and was on the point of adding thereto by a post ship, when his death deprived me of the pleasure of rewarding him agreeably to his merits.

"Could I then, my Lord, have imagined that on future day my conduct in parliament upon a point the most interesting to the nation, and upon which the greatest men of the kingdom were divided in opinion, should be made an object of resentment against me or any of my family, and by that very great minister's eldest son?

"I have, my Lord, always endeavoured to show you every mark of my friendship, and am sorry you have withdrawn your's from me.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your Lordship's

"Most obedient, &c. &c. &c.

"G. B. R."

Many fine traits of character are scattered over these volumes; let us glean a few of the briefest. Rodney, like other men in command, was incessantly pestered by the great to patronize their friends; of one of these protégés he speaks sharply enough.

"A poor wretch Lord — and another have sent me. He looks like a girl, and has not the least appearance of an officer. I have made them as good a present, and sent him back captain of a sloop. More I will not make him. Such officers as these I never desire to see. He may be a very good young man, but he has not fire enough in him for me. No consideration whatever shall induce me to promote indifferent officers over the heads of good ones. Merit has little chance of preferment in peace. Where I command it shall have the preference in war, let who will recommend." ii. 19-20.

He loved his young men, nevertheless, as the following anecdote proves; it is related by one of his officers:—

"When his dinner was going off, he has often, he says, seen the hungry *mids* cast over the dishes a wistful eye, with a *watery* mouth; upon seeing which, he has instantly arrested their supporters, and ordered the whole of his dinner, save one dish, to be carried to the midshipmen's mess." ii. 374-5.

Much of his severity of manner was affected, from a belief that it was necessary for obedience: he could be kind and gentle on occasions. During his command in the West Indies, having great fault to find with one of his officers, he resolved to remove him, and went on board his ship for that purpose.

"I had fully determined to take the — from —; but when I went on board and saw two pretty and well-behaved girls, and the ship fitted in the most elegant and superb manner for their accommodation, I could not bear to do what might be construed a harsh, ill-natured act. The youth, beauty, and innocence of the daughters, and the polite behaviour of the mother, saved the just treatment the father deserved at my hands, and I permitted the — to sail for England with the convoy; and I flatter myself that my dear girls, in a similar situation, would have met with a like indulgence, but I hope to Heaven they will never cross the sea while they live, except to France or Italy." ii. 378-9.

This is very honourable to Rodney; some will admire the following more, though less to our taste:—

"When a woman, who had, contrary to the rules of the navy, secreted herself in her husband's cabin, and fought a quarter-deck gun in the room of her wounded husband, who was down in the cockpit, was discovered, Lord Rodney severely reprimanded her for a breach of orders, but gave her, immediately after, ten guineas, so for valiantly sustaining the post of her wounded husband.

"The little bantam-cock which, in the action of the 12th of April, perched himself upon the poop, and, at every broadside poured into the Ville de Paris, cheered the crew with his 'shril clarion,' and clapped his wings, as if in approbation, was ordered by the Admiral to be pampered and protected during life." ii. 375.

Rodney died on the 23rd of May, 1792, in the 74th year of his age. He was seized with spasms in the stomach. Sir Walter Farquhar hastened to see him; he appeared to recover; "I hope you feel yourself better," said his visitor. "I am very ill," replied Rodney, and, sinking back on his pillow, expired without a sigh or any visible pain. In person, he was above the middle size—his features comely and expressive, and his figure elegant and formed for activity. "In private life," says his son-in-law, "he displayed the manners of an accomplished gentleman: his deportment courteous, polite, and dignified—such as generally distinguishes those of ancient and high descent." His language was ever that of a gentleman, and he never descended to those disgusting vulgarities—nay, atrocities of style, which distinguish the mariners of our songs and stories. If he did not invent the system of breaking the line, he was the first that carried it into practice, and to him we owe much of that naval might, which has given to us the empire of the ocean.

Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati. Edited by W. J. Banks, Esq. 2 vols. fc. 8vo. London, 1830. Murray.

The life of Giovanni Finati has been one of strange adventure; and this narrative will be read with interest even by those who may be less pleased than we have been with the insight it gives into the manners and customs of the East, and its modern history. The volume before us are the unpretending record of the observations of a man of plain good sense, who

singular fortune it has been to have seen more of many countries than perhaps any other living person: he has penetrated to the great oasis—traversed the whole circuit of the Dead Sea—visited Mecca and Medina, and the very borders of Yemen and Jerusalem—Petra and Palmyra and the country beyond the Jordan—he has journeyed beyond Sennar—seven several times passed the second cataract of the Nile—served in the celebrated campaign against the Wahabees, and was present at the massacre of the Mamelukes by Mahomet Ali. There must be many strange adventures in such a life, and the present narrative is proportionately full of interest.

"In publishing it to the world, let me hope, (says the writer,) that I shall not be suspected of assuming to myself any of the requisite qualifications of an author, beyond that of speaking the truth: what has happened to myself, and what I have seen with my own eyes, that I shall endeavour to relate; but am fully aware that the same incidents, and the same scenes, had they fallen in the way of one possessed of more knowledge and information than I am, might have furnished a work of a very different description from any that I can pretend to offer."

Giovanni Finati, the eldest of four children, was born in the pontifical states, at Ferrara, not of rich, but respectable parents. His father had a small landed property, and his income was sufficient for the decent maintenance of his family. When Giovanni was ten years old, it was determined that he should be educated for the church; and he was accordingly transferred to an uncle, a very sincere and excellent, but bigoted priest. He had the strongest dislike to this mode of life, and was not the more reconciled to it by the strict discipline of his uncle, and the wear-some labour of mastering the empty ceremonials and mysteries of the Romish church. Reaonstrance, however, was idle, and in this way he passed several years; but, in 1805, when eighteen years of age, he had the fortune, good or bad, of being included in the conscription. His parents heard this with horror, and after exerting all their little influence, succeeded in being permitted to find a substitute, with the annexed condition, that, in case of his desertion, Giovanni must take his place. In a few months the substitute did desert, and the warrant under the conscription was issued against Giovanni. For a time he contrived to conceal himself; but the persecution of his family at length induced him to surrender, and he was marched off with other conscripts to Milan. Here he was trained and disciplined, and, in 1806, sent to the Tyrol, whence he contrived to desert, and, after many hair-breadth escapes, reached the neighbourhood of his native city.

"I remained quietly some days without the fact of my desertion being known to any body; but so soon as the official intelligence of it was received, it became once more my fate to witness the sufferings and persecutions of my family upon my account. The confiscation was renewed, and my younger brother was peremptorily required to be sent to serve in my room: so that everything connected with me, and dearest to me, was thrown into a state of the greatest misery.

"I was sorry now for my rashness, though the consequences of a second desertion were so serious that I durst not come forward, but took the utmost pains to elude detection. I concealed myself in places the least frequented of the country round, sometimes lying in the sheep-folds and out-houses, with the animals and cattle, and sometimes in ditches and holes in the earth; so that a life of wretchedness and privation was all that I had gained by my escape." i. 16-17.

Notwithstanding his precautions and watchfulness, he was at length apprehended—and was marched back with other deserters to Venice, where, fortunately, Bonaparte happened to be,

and an act of grace being thought becoming on the occasion, he escaped the extreme penalty of his crime, though he suffered severe punishment and degradation. Soon after he was ordered to embark for Spalatro, and the voyage was most perilous. Having touched at a small island for water, the narrative thus continues:

"We got under weigh, imprudently enough, with every sign of an approaching tempest, and had proceeded but a very few miles from the island, so as scarce to have reached the open part of the gulf, before the gale rose at once to a most furious height, every wave breaking over our vessel.

"The captain ordered all the troops below, and, fastening down the hatches upon us, considered as to the best chance of saving the ship.

"The Bora of the Adriatic is a wind of such a degree of violence, as is almost inconceivable to any person who has never been exposed to it, and the scantiness of sea-room there makes it peculiarly perilous, for, if a ship is unable to hold her course, and is driven before it, she is sure to be wrecked upon some part of the marshes of Ancona, where, from the shallows, and shelving nature of the coast, there can be little or no hope of any lives being saved. This consideration determined our captain at once to endeavour rather at all risks to weather out the storm in the open sea, than, by trying to make for any port, to expose us to the peril of being stranded on a lee shore.

"The storm continued two whole days and nights without intermission, and when upon the third it began to abate, our transport, though saved by the firmness and prudence of our captain, appeared little better than a wreck upon the water, masts, sails, rigging, being all either torn and broken in pieces, or wholly carried away.

"When the hatches were set open, a new and greater scene of disaster presented itself; terror, sea-sickness, hunger, exhaustion with some, suffocation, and the consequences of confined air with more, who were all previously invalids, had taken such effect, that thirty-one of the soldiers were lying dead below, and their corpses, stripped of their uniforms, were thrown into the sea: many of the living, also, were scarce distinguishable from them, and could not long have survived; but we found that we were near Spalatro, and so made shift to gain that harbour, where we joined the remainder of the regiment, who had all supposed us lost in the passage, and now looked upon our escape as being little less than a miracle, as in fact it was." i. 27-30.

Finati himself was confined for two months in the hospital, and had only just gained his regiment when it was ordered to the Bocca-di-Cattaro, which lies south of Ragusa; and he here gives us an interesting account of the wild and lawless race of the Montenegrini, and the desperate warfare in which the French were engaged with them. Orders were now received to advance on Buda; and here he and other of his countrymen determined to desert and join the Turks. They succeeded in effecting their escape, and were kindly welcomed by their new friends; but when it was found that they held pertinaciously to their faith, they were all ordered off to work at the quarries. This labour he describes as intolerable; and, after three months' perseverance, they determined, with all becoming reservation, of course, to profess themselves Mahometans; they were immediately admitted into the mosque—the Mufti mumbled his unintelligible prayers over them, Giovanni was changed into Mahomet, and the labourers of the stone-quarries became waiting-gentlemen to a general officer, and led a very pleasant, quiet life; and so won on the confidence of his master, that he was even permitted to enter his harem. This harem he describes as including "ten females of different countries, all of them young,

and all more or less attractive, and the merriest creatures that I ever saw."

The consequences of this liberty may be easily foreseen. "At first I was, if not an indifferent, at least an innocent spectator, and was amused with their playfulness, without paying much regard to their persons; but my young heart soon caught fire, and I began to brood over a passion which, as it had no vent, began to make me very unhappy; at length, feeling that I could smother and contain it no longer, I found means to reveal it to its object, who was a principal favourite with my master.

"She was a Georgian; and her name was Fatima. At first I neither saw her apart from the others, nor could speak her language, yet looks passed between us that were sufficiently understood; and we soon sought and found opportunities of meeting alone."

The consequences of these meetings need not be told. "To stay with her," says Giovanni, "would have been fatal to both, to carry her with me was impracticable, and I never could summon the courage to bid her farewell; so I parted from her without explanation: but her image was so present to me on board, that it was all that I seemed to see, or to take leave of in the coasts of Albania."

From the moment he had determined to be off, his wishes had been directed to Egypt, and meeting with the captain of a trading vessel whom he had known heretofore, he prevailed on him to take him as a passenger to Alexandria. "Here," says Giovanni, "a new scene of life opened upon me: the wars that I became engaged in, the events which I witnessed, the sufferings that I underwent, the sources of satisfaction that I found, and, last of all, those long and distant journeys that it was my fortune to be engaged in, both in Asia and Africa, will furnish matter for the succeeding chapters."

On board the vessel in which he had sailed was an Albanian officer, in the service of the Pasha of Egypt; and Giovanni, though he had just escaped from one military service at the hazard of his life, was persuaded by him to enter another; but a severe attack of ophthalmia so disgusted him with Alexandria, that so soon as he had received his pay he left the service, and set off for Cairo. There, however, he immediately enlisted again, and from his good character was appointed Belik-bash, which translated dwindles into corporal. His brief account of Mahomet Ali—of the feuds between the Turkish and Albanian troops, and the war with the Mamelukes—is extremely well told, and interspersed with strange proofs of the practical skill of Egyptian thieves; but we mean to confine ourselves in some degree to the personal history and adventures of the writer.

Mahomet Ali was now meditating his attack on the Wahabees, and the overthrow of their power in Arabia—but just as all seemed prepared for the campaign, it was found necessary to take effective measures against the pardoned Mamelukes resident in the city—and effective measures he did take. Saim Bey with all his adherents were invited to the citadel; "a procession of about five hundred Mameluke officers, of higher or lower degrees, presented themselves at the gate of the citadel, and went in: they made rather a splendid show, and were led by three of their generals, among whom Saim Bey was conspicuous: when entered, they proceeded directly onwards to the palace, which occupies the highest ground; and as soon as their arrival there was announced to Mahomet Ali, and Hassan Pasha, who were sitting in conference together, an immediate order was given for the introduction of the three Chiefs, who were received with great affability, both Pashas entering into a good deal of conversation with them, and many compliments and civilities passed."

The return of these chiefs from the audience,

was the signal agreed on, and "no sooner did they make their appearance without, and were mounting their horses, than they were suddenly fired upon from every quarter, and all became at once a scene of confusion, and dismay, and horror; similar volleys being directed at all the rest who were collected round and preparing to return with them, so that the victims dropped by hundreds.

"Saim himself had time to gain his saddle, and even to penetrate to one of the gates of the citadel; but all to no purpose, for he found it closed like the rest; and fell there pierced with innumerable bullets.

"Another Chief, Amim Bey, who was the brother to Elfi, urged the noble animal which he rode to an act of greater desperation, for he spurred him till he made him clamber upon the rampart, and preferring rather to be dashed to pieces than to be slaughtered in cold blood, drove him to leap down the precipice, a height that has been estimated at from thirty to forty feet, or even more; yet fortune so favoured him, that, though the horse was killed in the fall, the rider escaped. * * *

"Of the rest of that devoted number, thus shut up and surrounded, not one went out alive; and even of those who had quietly remained in the town, but very few found means to elude the active and greedy search that was made after them, a high price being set upon every Mameluke's head that should be brought. * * *

"Meantime, here and there, even in Cairo itself, a few Mamelukes, by chance or contrivance, had survived the day of general slaughter, and were lying concealed or barricadoed, either at their own homes, or in the houses of such friends and dependents as were willing to harbour them, for the edict of destruction was still in full force.

"In some instances, where a desperate resistance was expected from them, no opportunity was given for a defence, for combustibles were set fire to, and the places of refuge burnt, with every soul that was in them."

Giovanni congratulates himself that he was not very zealous in this fearful slaughter and plundering, and gained only a richly-mounted saddle and a slave girl, whom he afterwards married. Six months had now passed in preparation for the Arabian campaign, when the troops began to march, and the place of general assembly was near Suez, on the Red Sea, where vessels were prepared to transport them to Yumbo. The one in which Giovanni embarked soon got under way, with a fair wind; "But this" he says, "did not befriend us long, for we soon reached a point which is remarkable for the furious gusts to which it is almost continually subject.

"The superstition of the neighbourhood ascribes it to a supernatural, and not to any physical cause; for this being, according to received tradition, the spot where the chosen people under Moses passed over, the ignorant imagine that, since it was also here that the host of Pharaoh was swallowed up, their restless spirits still remain at the bottom of the deep, and are continually busied in drawing down mariners to their destruction; a notion so received among all the seafaring people along that coast, that it would be quite in vain to argue against it."

It being indispensable to the success of the campaign, that military possession should be had of Yumbo, it was regularly invested, and soon taken. It was then determined to follow up this success, and march against the enemy, who soon after took possession of an important pass in the mountains, and prepared to resist their advance. The preparations, the attack, and the overthrow, with its terrible consequences, are full of stirring interest; and we shall weave the principal incidents together, retaining as far as possible the original narrative:—

"During the same interval our army was all encamped about the village (or villages rather) of Cara Lembi, but in a state of great discomfort; for the quantity of scorpions was such, that most of the soldiers were stung by them in their tents, and such the virulence of their poison, that many died almost immediately, and some were kept so much upon the alarm, that they would prefer climbing up into the palm-trees, there to pass the night.

"Other reptiles and insects also abounded in the same proportion; and, the season being remarkably hot, our condition could hardly, in possibility, be worse than it was.

"Tossoon Pasha seeing this, and judging also that further delay would only be giving time to the enemy for the further increase and improvement of their works, resolved to make the attempt of dislodging them at once, or of bringing them to battle."

They set off immediately, by long and forced marches, and encamped in front of the enemy.

"The next day a signal was given, and a partial skirmishing ensued, but with more loss upon our side than upon the other, owing to the great disadvantage of the ground; and it was not till the third or fourth, that this desultory system of warfare was abandoned, upon its leading to no better results."

It was at last determined to attack the re-doubts. "Before daylight, all were under arms; and, just at dawn, the order for advance was instantly and eagerly obeyed,—the whole mass pressing impetuously forward in order to force the position, and dislodge the Arabian army from both the heights, amidst a very sharp fire upon both sides; and not only the first united fire was tremendous, but it was long and steadily sustained, the obstinacy upon the one part being equal to the daring upon the other. * * *

"About mid-day, the sun grew so intensely hot, reflected from these arid mountains' sides, that it became impossible for either party to persevere in active exertion, and there was a truce accordingly for several hours, during which most of our soldiery laid themselves down under the palm-trees, which grow there upon the lower levels in abundance; and which, besides the benefit of shade, furnished them also with a very acceptable supply of dates.

"The cravings of thirst, however, became intolerable, and could not be satisfied, (at least with by far the greater number,) there being no water that we knew of upon the field. So that the impatience of our present condition became great; and the signal for action, given at about four o'clock in the afternoon, was received with a desperation that was like joy. * * *

"The ferocity and the carnage are indescribable, and continued with the issue still doubtful, till long after sunset; for it had been night about two hours, when all at once some panic or disaster turned the fortune of the battle, and we were put completely to the rout."

The sufferings of the narrator seem to have been dreadful. He found himself and a comrade cut off from the army. "Our predicament seemed almost hopeless, but since daylight would only increase the danger, and our present wants and sufferings were become intolerable, it seemed best to make at once for that point, of which we had now ascertained the direction. It might, therefore, be about midnight when we descended, crawling upon all-fours, like animals; and so, in fear and trembling, passed several times almost close within sight and hearing of those who were searching for stragglers, or stripping the bodies. We had the good fortune to reach the plain unobserved, and found our camp still glowing in its ashes, and consumed, with almost all that was in it; there were appearances that it had been partially plundered, but whoever had been there were now all withdrawn from it, the routed

army for retreat, and the masters of the field doubtless, for precaution, and fearing some stratagem during the night.

"We laid hands on a few provisions which had escaped, or been abandoned for the seizure of the treasure, which had itself also been looked to with so little exactness in their moment of haste, that I picked up about four hundred golden crowns that were lying scattered upon the ground. Parched and perishing as we were at that moment, a single draught of water would have been much more valuable to us; but this could nowhere be found.

"Fortunately, however, I happened to recollect a spring that lay distant about five miles from that position; so that, without taking further rest, we hurried to it with the utmost impatience, and after having drank, refreshed ourselves by bathing in it.

"From thence, although to gain Mobrek was our object, it was little better than mere chance that led us to take the right direction, in which we afterwards overtook or fell in with several of our comrades, all quite as much at a loss as ourselves.

"One knot of them was sitting despondently round the brink of a well, too deep for them or for us to reach the water by any contrivance that we could devise, though expiring with thirst; and one of the number, in the agony and despair occasioned by it, threw himself in, and perished before us all."

By good fortune he reached the ships, but his suffering and privations brought on a severe illness, and being no longer of service, he obtained leave, and returned to Cairo—and there we leave him for the present.

The Amulet, a Christian and Literary Remembrance. Edited by S. C. Hall. Westley & Davis.

It is impossible utterly to dislike an individual, while there remains a single trait in his character or conduct to win our love or admiration. Thus it is with books:—we read and murmur, become severely critical, find fault with style and type, arrangement and composition, until some latent beauty bursts upon the eye or mind—it is then, when only partially delighted, we are apt too often to be betrayed into a general approval. We have before expressed our opinion of this class of productions. We repeat that we are not friendly to this sort of green and desultory literature, that plumes itself in the presence of erudition, and flatters with a timid wing too nerveless to soar. But let us do justice where it is due—The Annuals claim merit as agreeable trifles, and, in point of illustration alone, stand high among illustrated works. They are intended for the table, not the shelf; and should rather be found among shells and minerals on polished rosewood in the drawing-room, than met with on the desk of the student, smiling in their outward beauty among solid works of literature. They are more for the eye than the mind—and if they claim to be salutary food for the latter, the right can only be defended by that class of readers whose own minds are too weak to feed on wholesome literature, and who are more disposed to kill hours with trifles, than improve a minute by wholesome instruction. But to "The Amulet"—it contains some pleasant reading, and will, with the beauty of its embellishments, equal the most fortunate of its predecessors. The tale of the "Eastern Story-tellers" is a good specimen of the style of oriental narrative; and the "Dispensation," and the "History of a Trifler," are good, the former containing some lively sketches of Irish character, the latter possessing all the usual vividness and vigour of its authoress. "The Hawking-party in Hindostan," by Miss Emma Roberts, is in-

teresting; its length is beyond our limits, but the following extracts may be entertaining to some of our readers.

"The Rajah and his brothers were very richly attired in vests and trowsers of silk, brocaded with gold flowers, a manufacture called kincob, for which the city of Benares was famous; their turbans were of white muslin, and, in consequence of the cold, they also wore superb shawls, wreathed round their heads and throats in a manner peculiar to the natives of Hindostan, who, in chilly weather, never fail to wrap up their heads and shoulders, although, as is frequently the case with the lower classes, their legs may be bare above the knee. The chief personages of the party were mounted upon country horses of the finest breed, extremely handsome creatures, greys and roans, with their tails dyed of a bright scarlet, and gaily caparisoned, their stirrups, bits, &c. being of solid silver, and a collar of embossed silver plates encircling their necks, which rang out with a musical sound at every movement. Beneath the Rajah's saddle, under a splendid lion-rug, appeared bundles of horse-tails, a mark of distinction: several persons, armed with scimitars and spears, and bearing round targets embossed with brass, specimens of which are to be seen in collections of ancient armour in England, formed a sort of body-guard; and an open palanquin, having a crimson canopy, and a handsome shawl lying carelessly on the cushions, completed the chief's equipments. * * *

"As yet we had not met with any game; but a partridge springing out of the grass, the whole party were on the alert; the elephant drew up to the edge of a ravine—one of the hawks loosened, rose majestically in the air, pursuing the course which the quarry had taken; its fate was soon decided—hovering for an instant over the bird's head, he pounced down upon it, and brought the panting creature alive to his master's feet. Nothing could be more animating than this scene; the horsemen, dispersing, galloped to the different points from which they deemed they could best view the sport; the pedestrians rushed down the mazy paths of the ravine, whether the partridge had endeavoured to find shelter; and in the distance, across the broad plain, the palanquin bearing our female friend was seen flying along—an accompaniment which added materially to the general effect. The instant the partridge was secured, the whole party gathered round the elephant; and now a curious dilemma arose. It was usual to give the hawk the blood of its first victim, but as Hindoos are forbidden to take the life of any animal, it became necessary to seek for an executioner. We had, fortunately, a Khidmutghar in our train, who, perchance, desirous to see the sport, had preferred joining our retinue to accompanying the baggage; he was, of course, a Moosaulmaun, being a table servant, which no Hindoo will attend, and he offered himself in the emergency; one of our chup rassées lent his sword, and the bird's throat was cut—the method of inflicting death enjoined by the Koraun. * * *

"The Rajah whom we had visited was a man of high caste, and of a good family, but with little pretension to riches. I was particularly impressed with the truly patriarchal manner in which he seemed to live, and the contrast afforded by the simplicity of his mansion—its frugal furniture of a few mats and carpets, and the vegetable diet alone permitted to the strict Hindoo—with the massy silver ornaments, the rich dresses, and gleaming arms, which upon state occasions were brought forward to support the dignity of his rank. If courteous manners, personal beauty, and propriety of demeanour, be the proper accompaniments of birth and title, the Rajah of an obscure village, in a remote province of Hindostan, may justly claim

kindred with the most polished nobleman of the Christian world." p. 285—94.

We must conclude our notice with the insertion of

The Village Queen.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The nuts hang ripe upon the chestnut boughs;
And the rich stars send forth their clear blue light,
O'er glistening leaves, and flowers that, fond as love,
Perfume the very dew that bows their heads,
And lays their sweet and quiet beauty low!
And dream-like voices float upon the ear,
With mingling harmony of birds and trees
And gushing waters! Beautiful is night—
And beautiful the thoughts she calls to birth;
The hopes which make themselves immortal wings;
The memories that slow and sadly steal.
Like moonlight music, o'er the watching heart:
Yet, with a tone thus light, stirring the mind
To themes beyond a trout's breath to rouse!
My spirit wakes 'mid sad remembrances
Of one who shone, the beauty of our vale,
The idol of our homes—our Village Queen!
Methinks I see her now—the graceful girl!
The shadowy richness of her auburn hair
Half parted o'er a brow white as the bloom
Of the wild myrtle flower; and eyes whose hue
Was like the violet's, with more of light;
A silent poetry dwelt in their depths—
A melody inaudible! Her neck—
Oh, elegant and fair as the young dove's!—
Gave to the mild expression of her form
The grace that artists study. Thus she looked,
Ere early light had wasted her fine bloom,
And dimmed the gladness of her starry eyes!

Her home was small, but very beautiful:
A pastoral cot, with mountain, rock, and vale,
And pleasant water—all that constitutes
A picture of romance—a summer home!
There, like a rose, she grew from infancy,
The blessing of a widowed mother's heart—
Light of her eyes—the dial of her mind,
Round which her thoughts revolved!

An orphan youth,
The offspring of a distant relative,
Dwelt with the aged matron and her child,
And rose to manhood 'neath their generous roof:
Alas, for the return!—'Tis strange that one
So mild and gentle in her loveliness,
Whose life was simple as the wilding broom,
And happiest in the shade, should nurse so fond,
So deep a passion for a youth whose moods
Were ever wayward, gloomy, wild, and bold,
Jealous and proud—the passionate reverse
Of her sweet, guileless self! And yet she loved,
With that intense affection, that deep faith,
Which knows no change, and sets but o'er the tomb!
'Twere vain to trace how step by step he fell—
How dead by dead he darkened into *guilt*,
And perished in his crime!

Sweet Eleanor!—
Pale, blighted girl!—she withered fast, like those
Who have no *earthly* hope; and still she smiled,
And said she should be happy soon—and breathed,
Like a young dying swan, her music tones
Of parting tenderness into that fount
Which might not hold them long—a mother's heart!
Oh! youth is like the *emerald* which throws
Its own green light o'er all—even to the last,
She spoke of brighter hours, of happier days,
Of nights that bring no sorrow—no regret;
That she would love *none* but her mother now,
And she henceforth should be the world to her.
Do you behold where the lone rising moon
Tinges with holy light the village spire,
And braids with silver the far cypress boughs,
Bending, like mercy, o'er the sorrowing brow,
And lonely heart, the weary and the worn?
There, in her early tomb, reclines the pride
And beauty of our vale—the Village Queen!

The Juvenile Forget Me Not. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. London, Westley & Davis.

New and important works come so thick upon us, that we can scarcely find room for a word of commendation, still less of extract, from the remaining Annuals. It is, perhaps, the less to be regretted, since criticism upon such occasions puts on unwanted courtesy; and though the merit of the Annuals themselves is not of a very high order, there is always mere nonsense written on them. Another year, and we shall avoid this folly; but it would be unjust not to review them all in the same spirit, and especially so, to deviate from it with Mrs. Hall's pleasant volume before us. This is certainly the best of the Juvenile *Forget Me Not*s, and a

very pretty and welcome present to any young friend. It contains many amusing and instructive tales and poems, that come to us graced with names of acknowledged reputation. There are contributions by Allan Cunningham, James Montgomery, Miss Jewsbury, Bernard Barton, Miss Landon, the Ettrick Shepherd, Archdeacon Wrangham, Mrs. Opie, Miss Roberts, and many others, not to mention Mrs. Hall herself, than whom few write tales for young people with more simple graphic power, as "*Gaspard and his Dog*," in the volume before us, can testify. The following, by Allan Cunningham, is, like all his poetry, full of freshness and beauty:—

The Morning Song.

Oh, come! for the lily
Is white on the lea;
Oh, come! for the wood-doves
Are paired on the tree:
The lark sings with dew
On her wings and her feet;
The thrush pours its dirty,
Loud, varied, and sweet:
We will go where the twin-hares
Mid fragrance have been,
And with flowers I will weave thee
A crown like a queen.

Oh, come! hear the thrush
Invites you aloud;
And soft comes the plover's cry
Down from the cloud:
The stream lifts its voice,
And you lily's begun
To open its lips
And drink dew in the sun:
The sky laughs in light,
Earth rejoices in green—
Oh, come, and I'll crown thee
With flowers like a queen!

Oh, haste! for the shepherd
Hath wakened his pipe,
And led out his lambs
Where the blackberry's ripe:
The bright sun is tasting
The dew on the thyme;
The gay maiden's lilting
An old bridal-rhyme:
There is joy in the heaven
And gladness on earth—
So, come to the sunshine,
And mix in the mirth!

There are other things we should like to quote, and may, when the immediate pressure of the moment is passed. "*Impulse and Amiability*" is, perhaps, too long, but the "*Tropic Storm*," by Miss Emma Roberts, and the "*Infant's Dream*," we leave with regret.

MARSHALL'S CHRISTMAS BOX

is another of the Juveniles, with contributions from Mrs. Hofland, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Mary Howitt, Miss Mitford, the Misses Strickland, Miss Hill, Bernard Barton, Wm. Howitt, and others. We heretofore spoke of the embellishments, and think the volume, as a whole, a pretty present for young people. The "*Indian Bird*," by Mary Howitt, is a beautiful poem: we hope hereafter to find room for it; and we take this opportunity of expressing our regret that the pressure of works of more immediate interest, though less merit, has hitherto deferred our notice of her brother's volume.

The Present State of Australia. By Robert Dawson, Esq., late Chief Agent of the Australian Agricultural Company.

[Second Notice.]

In resuming the consideration of Mr. Dawson's work, we shall again recur to the natives, who are depicted in a style equally remote from party caricature and the over-colouring of romance; he dwells upon their friendly disposition towards the whites, and their complete trust-worthiness, of which he had frequent examples. In "the bush" accompanied by his black acquaintances, he felt himself safe against any enemy he was likely to encounter: they were excellent shots, and in shooting kangaroos, frequently had the use of his musket, which they punctually and carefully returned.

Punishment of Public Offenders.

"When away from this settlement, they appear to have no fixed place of residence, although they have a district of country which they call theirs, and in some part of which they are always to be found. They have not, as far as I can learn, any king or chief. They have some customs and ceremonies common to all tribes, and they meet in large bodies to inflict punishment on members who offend against certain rules; but I cannot discover the authority that calls them together to judge of the measure of punishment, or the regulator of the ceremonies, and I have met with no person in the colony who could inform me on these points. I never heard but of one punishment, which is, I believe, inflicted for all offences. It consists in the culprit standing, for a certain time, to defend himself against the spears which any of the assembled multitude think proper to hurl at him. He has a small target, called a *carrière*, made of thick bark, hardened by the fire, and generally proof against a spear. It is two feet and a half long, by fifteen inches wide; and the offender protects himself so dexterously by it, as seldom to receive any injury, although instances have occurred of persons being killed. Their limbs and muscles are so pliable, that they can cover themselves by this shield." p. 63-4.

Quarrels among the Tribes.

"When one tribe or district of natives either receives, or supposes it receives, some injury from another, a challenge is sent, but from what authority, or of what kind, no one appears to know. If I inquire, they either do not know, or they will not inform me. They meet on an appointed day: at first, a good deal of parley takes place, in tones of defiance: they menace each other with their spears, and by flourishing their short clubs, (waddys,) stamping with their feet; they then retire again, then come to close quarters, pushing each other about, tones of defiance becoming more violent, till at last they are worked up to a state of fury, like demons, calling or bawling out, 'Wor, wor,' (burring and dwelling upon the *r*,) and fall to with their waddys upon each other's heads, which are voluntarily held forward to receive alternately blows that would fell an ox, till one or more falls, or is disabled, which occasions a terrible shout or yell in token of victory. After some hard fighting, they sometimes retire a little, flourish their clubs in the air, with loud menacing tones and violent gestures; they then fall to again till they are tired, when they quietly disperse with their heads broken and bleeding: they seldom kill each other. The spears are not always used upon such occasions, although they carry them to the fight, and manoeuvre with them. Their skulls are generally found to be much thicker than those of Europeans; were this not the case, they would be crushed in by the first blow from such a weapon as their waddy is; it is formed like a large kitchen poker, and nearly as heavy, only much shorter in the handle. The iron-bark wood, of which it is made, is very hard, and nearly as heavy as iron." p. 63-6.

Like all rude people hardened by the miseries of savage life, they lay a heavy burden of endurance upon the weaker sex, inflicting severe blows on their heads with the formidable *waddy*, and tasking them with a grievous measure of drudgery. No instance, however, of violence to their *gins* (wives) occurred to our author's knowledge after they had been informed that such conduct was repugnant to the feelings of white men. The women are not only laborious but ingenious. In desultory movements of the tribes, they are the bearers of every necessary article save the instrument of war. They manufacture fishing-nets, and make out of bark a species of string as good as we have in England, with singular facility, by a curious process of

rolling it with the palm of the hand on the thigh, from this they weave nets larger than a cabbage-net, the meshes of which are almost as small as those of a purse, yet destitute of knots except at the beginning and the termination; hung round the forehead, the net depends down the back, serving in expeditions as a magazine for hunting and fishing materials, and sometimes for provisions, while a child frequently sits astride upon the shoulders."

Food of the Natives.

"Their food consists of fish when near the coasts, but when in the woods, of opossums, bandicoots, and almost any animal they can catch, and also a kind of grub which they find in decayed wood; sometimes they spear a kangaroo.

"They roast all the fish and animals on the ashes, skin and all, just as they catch them. When it is pretty well done, they divide it amongst themselves by tearing it with their teeth and fingers; and, excepting the bones, they devour every part, including the entrails." p. 67-8.

Their Domestic and Social Affections.

"They are remarkably fond of their children, and when the parents die, the children are adopted by the unmarried men and women, and taken the greatest care of. They are exceedingly kind and generous towards each other: if I give tobacco or anything else to any man, it is divided with the first he meets without being asked for it. They go up the largest and tallest trees with great facility, by means of notches made with their tomahawks, to cut opossums out of them, or to procure wild honey, which is deposited there by a small bee, not larger than a common fly.

"Their quickness is astonishing, and they throw the spear at the distance of forty yards with the greatest precision and force. I have frequently seen them kill birds, either by throwing stones from the hand, or by spears. They sleep before their fires frequently in a circle, with their heads upon each other's hips, without any covering in summer; but in winter, or rainy weather, they cut large sheets of bark, which they either sleep under, or set up in the shape of a half cone, supported by sticks at different angles. This is all they require, and so long as they are constantly wandering, it is the best and most simple plan they could pursue in such a climate as this. There is no chance of giving them, or at any rate, those of the present generation, settled habits; and unless they could be independent of the abuses, and free from the acquired vices of white men, they are better off and happier as they are. They are a cheerful, merry, and good-natured people, and very honest into the bargain. They will take letters or parcels from hence to Newcastle, (about forty miles,) for Sydney. They would as soon part with their lives, as a letter or parcel with which they are entrusted, upon the safe delivery of which you may therefore certainly calculate; but as they are great gossips, they will occasionally stop with their neighbours if they fall in with them, unless they are tied to return by an appointed time." p. 68-9.

Customs and Characteristics.

"In speaking of the customs, I ought to have said, that when any of their relations die, they show respect for their memories by plastering their heads and faces all over with pipe-clay, which remains till it falls off of itself. The gins also burn the front of the thigh severely, and bind the wound up with thin strips of bark. This is putting themselves in mourning. We put on black; they put on white: so that it is black and white in both cases. I have frequently seen this: and on inquiring who is dead, I am always answered, in a mournful tone of voice, 'Dat pather (father) belonging me.' 'Dat piccaninny (child) belonging to pader or mam-

mee.' When they are sick, and you ask what is the matter with them, they answer, 'Oh! dat dable, dat dable,' which means that the devil or some evil spirit has visited them.

"I cannot learn, precisely, whether they worship any God or not; but they are firm in their belief that their dead friends go to another country; and that they are turned into white men, and return here again. This is, as near as can be, the doctrine of transmigration. The idea must either be original with them, or else arises from some former vague notion concerning a resurrection, which has grown into its present shape since the Europeans came amongst them. The present race can give no further account of its origin than I can.

"They have no idea of numbers beyond five, which are reckoned by the fingers. When they wish to express a number, they hold up so many fingers: beyond five they say, 'murry thousand,' (many thousands).

"They are excessively fond of any part of the dress of white people. Sometimes I see them with an old hat on: sometimes with a pair of old shoes, or only one: frequently with an old jacket and hat, without trowsers: or, in short, with any garment, or piece of a garment, that they can get. You may imagine how much laughter is excited amongst us, at times, by these grotesque-looking figures.

"One of the highest honours that can be conferred on them is to make them constables, and to give them a staff. That the honour may not be too cheap, I have made only two. They never appear but with their staves of office under their arms, and it is beyond measure ridiculous to observe the consequence they assume amongst their own people.

"Hear a conversation which one of my sable policemen, alias 'black guard,' held with me some time since. 'Massa, pose black pellow crammer (steal,) den I ketch it you know. Pose dat go in bush; I look out; I find it; I bring it back; I murry cooler (angry); I gib it waddy, (club,) and put it in watch-house you know; I make it know what he 'bout; dat no crammer 'gain massa; bael I like anoder black pellow. I tit down (stay) here always; dis my place; you my massa, you know; I make black pellow work; I make it work; he no gammon me, massa.'

"Soon after this harangue the doctor was going from our camp to the village which is called by its native name, Carrabean. It was nearly dark, and Mr. Heppie, the black constable, (for that is his name,) called out in a thundering voice, 'who come dare?' 'A friend,' was the answer. 'O, murry goot,' says Mr. Heppie. 'Pose dat black pellow, I taid, dable what he do dare? Why for he leabe black camp when dark? tit (sit) down. Den I put it in watch-house you know, and take it massa when urokah (sun) jump up.' 'That is very right, Heppie,' was the answer, with a hearty laugh at the end of it." p. 74-76.

Mr. Dawson went on a journey of examination into the interior, attended by five of the natives and three convict servants. He was absent about a fortnight, and his account of the trip forms the most entertaining and not the least instructive part of the book. The kindly enjoyment he took in the garrulous simplicity of his sable assistants, imparts to his descriptions so pleasant a vivacity, that one almost wishes to have shared a slice of kangaroo with his primitive companions. Glimpses of scenery, exquisitely beautiful, occasionally tempted him to linger in the wild. As he advanced, the openness of the country increased, and he could scarcely resist the persuasion that he was surrounded by the ornamented grounds of a landed aristocracy. Hereafter we may give some concluding observations,—but beg to assure our readers, in the meantime, that nothing laid

before them, or intended to be laid before them by us, can in the least impoverish the body of solid and agreeable information, of which we have expressed our opinion with a gratification too seldom associated with the duties of criticism.

Maxwell: a Story of the Middle Ranks. By the Author of "Sayings and Doings." London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

This novel by Mr. Theodore Hook will please and displease a vast number of good set readers; and the original admirers of this gentleman's productions will begin to take sides—and either to strengthen as friends, or escape into enemies. There is a great deal of cleverness in the sketching of character, the contrivance of situations (to use dramatic phrase), and in the racy humour of the dialogue: but in plunging into a downright novel of three volumes, Mr. Hook has somewhat mistaken his swimming powers—He is out of his depth—and shows symptoms of danger, weariness, and distress, long before he reaches or even sees land. The smart pleasantries detonating from smart characters in his short stories, surprised and delighted all light readers; but it is next to impossible to keep up this spirit through a thousand pages. The first chapter goes off like a squib,—nay, the first volume, which consists chiefly of killing-no-murder dialogue, and introductions to and colourings of character, is all alive. But the fashionables, to whom Mr. Hook has hitherto paid his sort of city addresses, will not be satisfied with Mr. Moss and his "ginnums and water,"—nor with Maxwell the surgeon,—nor with Kate, the Dowlas heroine,—nor with Apperton, the cold-blooded, ignorant, stock-brokering lover. They will dislike the hot suppers—the bank-buildings love—the eternal gin and water, punch and negus, and brandy and water, of nearly every chapter. Still there will be readers who will see life in the middle ranks, and drawn by a humourist; and it will be something in these days to sit down and enjoy our Fielding and water, our Fielding negus, though it be as old Moss would say somewhat "cold and withoutums."

We shall not trouble our readers with much of the story in detail. Maxwell is a surgeon, who has risen almost from a St. John Long foundation, to the highest story of the profession. He has a daughter, Kate, and a son, Edward; the first, has a first love, which our readers will interpret into a fine figure—three volumes of disappointment, a peerage—and "happy ever after." The second, or son, falls in love with a lady in Long Acre near the worm-shop, whose life he saves, and whom he only meets thrice until they rush into each other's arms, at the end of the third volume. Kate is trepanned by her father, who, as we have said, is a surgeon, into a marriage with a stock-broker—who deals in bubbles, and her father's ruin; and she and her parent and brother are *panic'd* to Madeira, where much friendship goes on with a Mr. and Mrs. Hanningham. Kate, being not too interesting in the love for one man, and marriage with another, is made the depository of a mystery; which mystery whizzes all through the book, until it goes quietly out in the last volume, in the way long anticipated. Old Maxwell revives Old Mr. Hanningham, who having been hung for a supposed murder, is brought as a *subject* to the surgeon's

house:—and this respectable Culprit Redivivus creates all the horror, trouble, and dirty boots, which are put together to lengthen the pages and frighten the reader. Charles Somerford is the hero and lover, his name be-speaks his nature; and a Lord Lessingham turns out in a very affecting, ingenious, and unexpected manner to be his grandfather. Charles, of course, in the end becomes Lord Lessingham, and marries Kate. Apperton, having retired from the profession of life—for life with a stock-broker is a mere profession, to make way for him. Edward marries Long Acre—Old Hanningham turns out innocent—Moss, the pleasantest, plainest, and vulgarist comfort in the book, is happy with the "creturs" and the "ginnums"; and the story concludes in the most orthodox style possible. We should not omit to say, that Edward was also intended for a Miss Epsworth, who shows her folly and her sense, by a marriage with a Major Overall; an officer who is very eccentric in the introduction, and very prosaic, and very much changed on a further acquaintance.

"And that's the plot!" as Mathews says; and we think our readers will say, there is very little in it. But after all, the plot, with such an agreeable writer as Mr. Hook, is not particularly material; so that it give but room for collision of character and the contest of dialogue. In character, the present work is deficient, more so than usual with the author of "Sayings and Doings;" but there are some admirable scenes, and some descriptions which will be relished by all lovers of the humorous. Maxwell, Kate, Apperton, Edward, Long-acre Maria, Lord Lessingham, Miss Epsworth, are all faint echoes of old novel sounds; and Moss is but a modern caricature of Miss Burney's Mr. Briggs in *Cecilia*. The talk, however, is the spirit of the book: the descriptions of city life, town common-places, high-low dinners,—packet sufferings and society, and inn-swilling, or, as it is termed, civility,—are better than, or as good as any thing since the days of our true English novelist.

We shall now illustrate our favourable observations on Maxwell, with extracts from its pages. The length of the pleasantest passages must make these extracts limited. The rise of Maxwell himself is excellent,—we could lay our hand upon four eminent surgeons at least who have ascended after his fashion.

"Maxwell had prudently and progressively risen to his present eminence. His first start in life was in a small, neat house, in Hatton Garden, where he commenced practice in the united character of surgeon and apothecary; on his marriage with the daughter of a member of the same profession, he removed to Bedford Row, shaking off the trammels of the shop and bottles, and practising only as a surgeon. In this residence he remained for several years, till his success at the western end of the town induced him to approach the scene of his practice, and shift his quarters to Lincoln's Inn Fields: whence, after the death of his lady, he again removed to one of the streets in the vicinity of Burlington Gardens, where we now find him taking his wine with his friend Mousetrap." i. 7.

The author of *Sayings and Doings* has been accused of being too profuse of dinner history; but a writer may be easily excused doing that thing often, which he does well. Mr. Hook's description of a true Hunter-street party, at any given attorney's house,

where waiters are hired—cooks confused—hosts flustered—hostesses coloured "beyond the reach of art," is the perfection of literary fare. In the eighth chapter of the first volume of the present novel Mr. Hook defends himself well against the charge, and his defence is truly worth extracting.

"The critics who have favoured the predecessors of this tale with their notice, have been pleased to censure and ridicule the frequent recurrence in their pages to the dinners of the characters engaged, and the minute descriptions of the little peculiarities thereupon attendant. These discussions, however much found fault with, I beg to defend; inasmuch as England is a dining nation, and her people a dining people—as, indeed, Voltaire (no mean authority), said long ago. What is there in the way of shew, of ceremony, of association, of charity, of pleasure, of conviviality, of business, in England, which is unaccompanied by a dinner? The coronation itself concludes with a dinner—Is not the King's speech first promulgated to the members of either house of parliament after dinner?—can vestries transact parish business without dining?—with high and low, with great and small, eating is the soul and spirit of English society.

"Who that had not dined, and swallowed wine enough to digest his dinner, could make the speeches which we see reported as having been delivered at tavern meetings? Why did Sir George Savile himself, after attending Crown and Anchor banquets for years, in furtherance of his great passion for freedom, at length grow so disgusted with the undivided application of his colleagues and followers to those periodical feastings, as at last to declare it his opinion, that since they eat so much and did so little in the cause, they ought, instead of supporters of the bill of rights, to be called supporters of the bill of fare?

"What would be my Lord Mayor's shew, if it were not for the dinner? The dinner is the sugar after the physic; nay, the propensity is not confined to human beings in the metropolis, nor to the mere pleasure of eating—the delight of seeing others eat is characteristic of a true Briton, and accordingly we find the galleries of tavern-rooms crammed with the spectators of dinners, and find that at Pidcock's Menagerie an extra sixpence is charged for leave to look at the lions while they are feeding; in short, Life in London would be a dull work unless illustrated with *plates*.

"If this be the case, how shall a man attempt to describe London life, or life anywhere in England as it is, without talking of dinners: follow the banker or the merchant into his smokey shop, or accompting-house, in some narrow lane in the city—there he is, in his dimly lighted den, hovering about with a pen behind his ear, pale and wan, like the wax-work in Westminster Abbey, dead and dressed; at half-past seven see him dining, the bright lights reflected from the shining dishes, his pallid countenance is absolutely illuminated, and joke and jest flow from his lips while he sits and enjoys his *entrée*, and sips his sillery. Look at the wholesale trader, gloomy in his ware-houses, cursing tallow for being dull, praying that saltpetre may look up, or that madder may be quoted as per last; what is he at dinner-time? he flings tallow and care behind him; saltpetre and madder never enter his head; he is all smiles and good nature, and looks, by ten o'clock at night, as if he would lend his neighbour a hundred pounds to save him from hanging—next morning the tallow and the madder prevail again, and he is as dull and disagreeable as ever.

"The lover who is making the amiable, flies to dinner, and sits either near or opposite to her in whom all his hopes and wishes centre; the

look unseen, the remark unheard by any save themselves, are all given and taken so well at dinner; a smile or a good wish comes conveyed in a glass of wine; and, an offer itself sometimes explodes with a detonating motto.

"See the farmer strike his bargains over fat bacon and cabbage. Mark the tradesman coming into his shop from his parlour, smelling of onions, and chewing, as he comes, the tough mutton which he as yet has scarce had time to swallow. Go to the assizes—watch the care with which the judges' dinners are served, so as not to interfere with the condemnation of culprits or the convenience of jurors! In short, for where could we stop? eating is the universal employment of our countrymen, and as has been before observed, so much time is devoted to the operation, and occupied by it, and it is, in fact, so vitally interwoven with English society, that to give anything like a faithful sketch of passing events, dinners must be served up on paper as well as in parlours." i. 212—16.

The description, however, of the dinner given by Mr. Palmer, *gent. one, &c. a.*—is the best thing in the book;—that is, it is in the true *extravaganza* style of the author of *Sayings and Doings*,—the veritable caricature of the particular class of people which it copies, and in which caricature, the likenesses are preserved with the sincere severity of a *Gilray*.

"I have said this much to shew, that in a family like Mr. Palmer's, the non-arrival of the 'company' would have been a severe disappointment. Mrs. Overall was known to be a lady of fortune, used to everything 'nice and comfortable'; she kept her own carriage, her men servants and all that: and therefore they must be very particular, and have everything uncommonly nice for her—and so Miss Palmer, the night before, had a white basin of hot water up into the parlour to bleach almonds, with which to stick a 'tipsey cake,' after the fashion of a hedgehog, and Mrs. Palmer sent to the pastry-cook's for some raspberry jam, to make creams in little jelly glasses, looking like inverted extinguishers; and spent half the morning in whipping up froth with a cane whisk to put on their tops like shaving lather. And Miss Palmer cut bits of paper, and curled them with the scissors to put round the 'wax ends' in the glass lustres on the chimney-piece, and the three-cornered lamp in the drawing-room was taken out of its brown holland bag, and the maid set to clean it, on a pair of rickety steps; and the cases were taken off the bell-pulls, and the picture-frames were dusted, and the covers taken off the card-tables, all in honour of the approaching *festé*.

"Then came the agonies of the father, mother, and daughter, just about five o'clock of the day itself, when the drawing-room chimney smoked; and apprehensions assailed them lest the fish should be overdone; the horrors excited by a noise in the kitchen as if the cod's head and shoulders had tumbled into the sand on the floor; that cod's head and shoulders which Mr. Palmer had himself gone to the fishmonger's to buy, and in determining the excellence of which, had poked his fingers into fifty cods, and forty turbots, to ascertain which was firmest, freshest, and best; and then the tremor caused by the stoppages of different hackney coaches in the neighbourhood, not to speak of the smell of roasted mutton, which pervaded the whole house, intermingled with an occasional whiff of celery, attributable to the assiduous care of Mrs. Palmer, who always mixed the sallad herself, and smelt of it all the rest of the day; the disagreeable discovery just made that the lamp on the staircase would not burn, the slight inebriation of the cook, bringing into full play a latent animosity towards the housemaid, founded on jealousy, and soothed by the mediation of the neighbouring green-

grocer, hired for five shillings to wait at table on the great occasion.

"Just as the Major and Mrs. Overall actually drove up, the said attendant green-grocer, the Cock Pomona of the neighbourhood, had just stepped out to the public house, to fetch 'the porter.' The door was of course opened by the housemaid. The afternoon being windy, the tall candle which she held was instantaneously blown out, at the same instant the back kitchen door was blown to, with a tremendous noise, occasioning, by the concussion, the fall of a pile of plates, put on the dresser ready to be carried up into the parlour, and the overthrow of a modicum of oysters, in a blue basin, which were subsequently, but with difficulty, gathered up individually from the floor by the hands of the cook, and converted in due season into sauce, for the before-mentioned cod's head and shoulders.

At this momentous crisis, the green-grocer (acting waiter) returned with two pots of Meux and Co.'s Entire, upon the tops of which stood heads, not a little resembling the whipped stuff upon the raspberry creams,—open goes the door again, puff goes the wind, and off go the 'heads' of the porter pots, into the faces of the refined Major Overall, and his adorable bride, who was disrobing at the foot of the stairs.

"The Major, who was a man of the world, and had seen society in all its grades, bore the pelting of this pitiless storm with magnanimity and without surprise; but Jane, whose sphere of motion had been somewhat more limited, and who had encountered but very little variety either of scenery or action, beyond the everyday routine of a quiet country house, enlivened periodically by a six weeks trip to London, was somewhat astounded at the noise and confusion, the banging of doors, the clattering of crockery, and the confusion of tongues, which the untimely arrival of the company, and the porter at the same moment had occasioned; nor was the confusion less confounded by the thundering double knock of Mr. Olinthus Crackenthorpe, of Holborn Court, Gray's Inn, who followed the beer which, as Shakespeare has it, 'was at the door,' as gravely and meditatively as an undertaker."

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"Mrs. Palmer at this period suddenly disappeared to direct the 'serving up,' and regulate the precedence of butter-boats, and the arrangements of the vegetables, which were put down to steam on the dinner-table in covered dishes, two on a side; a tureen of mock turtle from Mr. Tiley in Tavistock-Place, being at the bottom, and our old friend, the cod's head and shoulders, dressed in a horse-radish wig, and lemon-slice buttons at the top. An oval pond of stewed calves' head, dotted with dirt balls, and surrounded by dingy brain and egg pancakes, stood next the fish, and a couple of rabbits, smothered in onions, next the soup. In the centre of the table towered a grotesque pyramid, known as an *epergne*, at the top of which were large pickles in a glass dish, and round which hung divers and sundry cut-glass saucers, in which were deposited small pickles and lemons, alternately dangling gracefully. At the corners of the table were deposited the four masses of vegetable matter before mentioned, and in the interstices a pretty little saucer of currant-jelly, with an interesting companion full of horse-radish; all of which being arranged to her entire and perfect satisfaction, Mrs. Palmer again hurried up to the drawing-room, as red as a turkey cock, in order to appear as if she had been doing nothing at all, and to be just in time to be handed down again by the major.

"The table was soon arranged; the major, on the right hand of Mrs. Palmer, was doomed to be roasted by the flame of the fire; and the bride, on the right hand of Mr. Palmer, was destined to be blown to shivers by the wind from the door. Mr. Crackenthorpe, who stood

six feet three without his shoes, coiled up his legs under his chair, to the direful inconvenience of the greengrocer 'daily waiter,' who regularly stumbled over them whenever he approached his mistress on the sinister side, and much to the annoyance of Miss Charlotte Engleheart, who had long had a design upon the said Crackenthorpe for a husband, and who was in the habit of toe-treading and foot-feeling, after the custom of the tribes with whom she had been habituated to dwell.

"Miss Palmer's whole anxiety was in the dinner; her heart was in the tipsy-cake, and all her hopes and wishes centered in the little jelly-glasses: divers and sundries were the hems and winks, which she bestowed upon the waiter, in order to regulate the putting down of the different little niceties; and the discovery which, shortly after the appearance of the second course, was made, that a trifle in a white wig of froth, which had superseded the big pickles on the top of the *epergne*, was considerably damaged by the dripping of oil from the lamp, which hung invidiously over it, nearly threw her into hysterics.

"Vain were all the protestations of Mrs. Overall, that she never ate trifle—vain were all the screams of the major, to reassure her—vain were the pleadings of Crackenthorpe, and the consolations of Miss Engleheart; 'it was so provoking'—after all the pains, and the cakes, and the cream, and the wine, and the whipping—'dear, dear, only to think,' and so on, which continued till the trifle itself was removed; when Emma left the room to follow the dear object of her love into the dark back parlour, where the dessert was laid out, and where the said trifle, amidst papa's umbrellas, Mr. Crackenthorpe's goloshes, and Mrs. Overall's bon, stood untouched, in order, if possible, to skim off the oleaginous matter which it had imbibed, before it sank through to the 'nice rich part at the bottom,' and to rescue some portion of the materials, to serve up the next evening, when they expected a few neighbours to tea and supper." i. 224—33.

We have exhausted all our present space with extracts from the early portions of the novel. But, as we have already remarked, the pleasantest parts of the work are in the first volume. There is a good description of Brighton in the second, and some agreeable sketches of Madeira and "the parts thereunto appertaining" in the third volume; but we have nearly over-quoted ourselves. The last volume appears to have been written with less of self-pleasure and satisfaction to the author than the previous pages; and the *denouement* is not skilfully and naturally brought about, but hastily and awkwardly thrust upon the reader in the two last chapters. There is, however, little to surprise; and if the fashion of the age permitted novels in two volumes and a half, Maxwell would have left no one disappointed or in the dark at an end being discovered in the middle of the last volume.

The mysteries are more tiresome than the right reverend old dramatic nuisances, so called. Hanningham's resuscitation is more painful to the reader than it could possibly have been to himself; and the Long-Acre Beauty dodges one at every turn, until she is as common to the eye and understanding as any other lady who infests her particular districts of affection. A mystery, so long kept upon the stones, very naturally flags. Then the interviews between Kate and Charles Somerford are ludicrously casual. Kate and Apperton pass their honey-moon at Brighton; and at the very time Charles

returns from India, and steps on to the chain-pier. They meet—blush—unexplain, and separate. Charles wanders—Kate goes abroad, and Apperton dies. On her return to England, and at Guildford, on her way to town, Charles is seen in the street, having, by great good chance, driven into the town, on purpose to happen to be there!—These are fortuitous circumstances. We remember Buskin, in *Killing no Murder*, says to Apollo Belvi, that he has been “looking for him all over the world.” “Did you try Swansea?” says Apollo. Mr. Hook builds his mystery on this pleasantry of his own. Somerford “tried” Guildford, and there was his Belvi!

This novel will be much read and much abused; we should not at all be surprised to see the “Middle Ranks” up in arms; for it is impossible for the author to avoid caricature when he is doing a portrait—he “takes a likeness in this manner, *in colours*.” He writes in excess. When called in, he “rubs in” as our Great Manslaughterer does, until the effect is skinning alive, and “great anger and irritation.” Looking, however, at the stuff which is administered to that everlasting stolid-feeling patient the public, we cannot but be rejoiced at meeting once more the lively gaieties and easy gravities of an accomplished humourist; and we must say that when Sir Walter chooses to repose, which, thank heavens, is but seldom the case, we know of no one better fitted to keep a remote watch over the domain of fiction, than Theodore Hook.

Charges against the President and Councils of the Royal Society. By Sir James South. London, 1830.

Sir James South is certainly entitled to be heard with respect on any question; his charges are specific, and his censure sufficiently severe. We have no hesitation in saying, that the subject must be inquired into, and that the council cannot get rid of it in the quiet way they disposed of Mr. Babbage's charges. Under circumstances, we think it better to defer all comment.

VON HAMMER'S HISTORY OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

THE sixth volume of this invaluable work having recently made its appearance, we feel gratified in extracting the following notice, with reference to its completion, from a letter addressed by the author to one of our own correspondents. We are bound to add, that the notice now given is not a translation, but in the very words of M. Von Hammer.

“I cannot go further in the composition of my history than the peace of Kainardje (1774). This will finish with the eighth volume; the ninth will be of no less size than the others, (perhaps larger,) and will contain the epilogue and a dozen of most important lists and registers, besides a general enumeration of names and matters. Amongst the former there will be found a bibliographical detail of all the works ever published in Europe on Ottoman history: to complete this, I have applied to all the librarians of the leading libraries in Europe, and have received the necessary additions, &c. from Paris, Berlin, Göttingen, Dresden, Vienna, &c. My principal and best reason for stopping short with the peace of Kainardje, is the want of the genuine sources, supplied by the historiographers of the Ottoman Empire; for, notwithstanding all the trouble and expense to which I have submitted, I have succeeded in obtaining but few of them, in comparison with the abundant stream which flows down to the year 1774.”

REVENUES OF THE SPANISH CLERGY.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR.—A short time since I read in the *Morning Herald* an answer, by a Mr. Andrews, to an article in the *Athenæum* on the revenues of the Spanish Clergy. Have the goodness to insert the following in reply.

Mr. Andrews's argument against the article of the *Athenæum* is entirely founded on a memorial (as he calls it) sent by the King of Spain to the Pope in 1758, in which, according to Mr. Andrews's translation, for I know nothing of the memorial itself, the King said, “that, at an immense expense to his royal treasury, he had caused to be formed, a correct and authenticated statement of the yearly income of *all* his Spanish subjects. That from this statement, the yearly income of the Clergy was 3,704,415*l.*” Now, supposing that the memorial is genuine, that there is no error in copying the figures or in the translation, either the King was speaking only “of *all* his Spanish subjects” belonging to the crown of Castile, or he told an untruth. Everybody who knows anything of Spanish history, must be aware that the King could not refer to any statement but that of the celebrated *catastro* made in 1749, certainly at an immense expense, for it did not cost less than 400,000*l.* That *catastro*, or statement, comprised *only* the twenty-two provinces of Castile and Leon, and Mr. Andrews must know, that besides those provinces there are many others, and not less rich, in the Peninsula, for instance, Catalonia, Aragon, Valencia, Navarre, Biscay, &c. &c., which were *not* included in that statement. Mr. Andrews's argument therefore falls to the ground, as it is certain that the King could only speak of a part of his subjects, or he must have told an untruth.

I do not know where Mr. Andrews could find that the tithes received by the Clergy were included in the statement. I have before me the official summary of it, published in the *Diccionario de Hacienda*, by Mr. Canga, London, 1826, page 56, vol. ii., and I do not find the tithes taken in account, nor mentioned in any way.

Besides, it is very common amongst the defenders of the Spanish Clergy, in speaking of their riches, not to take any notice of the sums that Spaniards pay to those rich successors of the poor Apostles, besides tithes, and what they get from the ecclesiastical landed property. However, it is fair to consider as part of the income of the Clergy, what is received from masses and prayers for the souls in purgatory, the amount of which may be estimated from this fact, that the fractional part paid to that poor son of St. Francis, Father Cirilo, enables him to live like a prince. It is fair, I repeat, in valuing the annual income of the Spanish Clergy, to take into account not only the landed property and tithes, but also the sums that the secular and regular clergy receive from any holy office. These revenues are so various, that to enumerate them would occupy more room than you can spare in the *Athenæum*, but they may be found very easily in the articles ‘Clergy’ and ‘Ecclesiastics,’ of the above-mentioned Dictionary; and if Mr. A. wishes to know more than he does about the matter, he may read them, and I am sure he will be edified at finding, that as the *fiseales*, or attorney-generals of the royal council, and of the council of the finances of Spain, Count of Campomanes and Marquis of la Corona, (who, by the way, were not Liberals,) said to the King in 1764, founded in the same statement which forms the ground-work of Mr. A.'s argument, the Clergy possessed at that time the *sixth part* of all the landed property in the Peninsula, and the *third part* of all the other products,†

Perhaps Mr. Andrews, who appears to be an English Catholic, will not allow that the immense sums paid for masses, prayers, festivals, &c. should be considered part of the income of the Clergy, for he hardly allows that a kind of entailed property, very considerable in Spain, enjoyed only by clergymen, with the duty attached of saying masses for the relief of the soul of the person who founded the entail, is ecclesiastical property. However, Mr. Andrews in that respect, is more Catholic than the Pope himself; for his Holiness, considering it as church property, granted a permission to Charles IV., in December 1826, to sell a part of it. The writer of your article was in the right in including amongst the wealth of the Clergy all the immense sums paid to them for religious purposes. Purgatory, in Catholic countries, is an inexhaustible mine for the Clergy, and the Friars particularly, never let slip any opportunity of practising on the fears of dying persons so as to induce them to leave by will 1000, 2000, and sometimes ten or twenty thousand masses for the good of their souls. Even in these times, when Spaniards generally are become little fond of suffrages, a nobleman of Seville, the Count of Guadalete, who died last February, left by will, all his property, amounting to more than one hundred thousand pounds, to his soul, that is to say, to the Clergy. If Mr. A. does not believe in so much piety, he may go to Doctors' Commons and see a copy of that will, lately registered there, because that nobleman had a great sum of money in the English funds.

About the generosity of the Spanish Clergy, in contributing to the charges of the State, Mr. A. asserts that the King said in his memorial, that they had contributed most generously from time immemorial. I suppose the King's memorial was one of those mean petitions which Spanish Kings are accustomed to send to the Pope, begging the interposition of his authority with the Clergy to induce those loyal subjects to contribute to the charges of the State. Being a petition sent with that purpose, I do not wonder that the King should mention their generosity in former times, to induce them to be generous in modern ones: otherwise it would be difficult to explain how the King could say to the Pope exactly the reverse of what his ministers were saying at the same time to the Clergy.

But Mr. A. says, that in 1570 a tax was levied on the Clergy, that it was granted for six years,‡ that it was renewed at the expiration of every term till 1756, and then it was converted into a perpetual tax of from three to four per cent. on their yearly income at large. These statements are so contrary to those of all the Spanish writers (not clergymen) upon this subject, that I think it well to explain the difference. Tithes were not paid in Spain before the conquest of the Moors; after that conquest the Kings established them, granting their products sometimes to the grandees for their services, sometimes to the Clergy as a remuneration for their labours, and occasionally they retained them to the use of the crown. The Kings, besides, settled everything about tithes, and they were always considered as a tax till the sixteenth century, when the Spanish Clergy, backed by the Inquisition, then in all its strength, began to proclaim that tithes belonged to them by divine right. To influence the minds of the people, they introduced into what they call the commandments of the Church, one in which it is ordered to pay tithes and the first fruits of the earth to the Church of God. It was not to be expected that Philip II. would oppose too strongly this new encroachment of the

prefer quoting this Dictionary to any other of the many works I could refer to, because, having been lately printed in London, it is easily met with.

† It was for five years; and it was not from 1570 to 1756, but from 1571 to 1757.

† Art. CLERO of the *Diccionario de Hacienda*.

Clergy, on his own authority, and wanting money to make war against the Turks and the Dutch, he wished to apply part of the tithes to defray the expenses of it. Instead of taking the opinions of his ministers or his council, he called a meeting of the Clergy, which determined, of course, that the King could not take any part of the tithes without leave of the Pope. Philip asked that leave, and obtained it in 1567, but the Clergy at that time were too strong for the Pope and the King together, and refused the assistance. At last Philip again solicited the Pope, who sent a bull, dated 21st May 1571, granting to the Crown the tithes of one house in every parish of the kingdom, for five years, and the grant was renewed at the expiration of each term, till 1577, in which it was declared that that part of the tithes belonged of right to the Crown. This rent is what the Spaniards call the *Escusado*, and what Mr. A. has magnified into a perpetual tax on the yearly income of the Clergy at large. However, in justice to Mr. A. I must say that some of the modern Apostolicals of Spain call it sacrilege. The writer of your article, following the opinions of the greatest men of Spain, did not take any notice of this part of the tithes. All those who value the income of the Clergy, consider these tithes in the same light as those which the Kings reserved for the Crown, and of course they always separate them from those possessed by the Clergy.

I cannot finish my letter without noticing Mr. Andrews's unfounded assertions as to the manner in which the Clergy of Spain expend their immense wealth. He assures us that the Catholic Bishops of Spain have to support the poor clergy out of their revenues. If he means by this, that it is enjoined on the bishops to support the poor clergy, they fail lamentably in their duty, for more than thirty years experience has shown me that they do not do it. It is true, that some bishops have founded colleges and almshouses, made roads, and constructed public works; but the enthusiasm with which Spaniards speak of those excellent men, proves the rarity of the thing. If Mr. A. wishes to know how the incomes of the bishops have been employed, let him go to Spain, and he will find in every town, and almost in every village, plenty of those drones, called by the Spaniards *mayorazgos* and *vinculistas*, who live in indolence and ignorance, possessing entailed property, bought by some brother or nephew of a dignitary of the Church. I could say more, but I am afraid I have already occupied too much of your time.

ACCOUNT OF THE ANTIQUITIES BROUGHT FROM EGYPT BY M. DROVETTI.

BY J. PASSALACQUA, DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL MUSEUM AT BERLIN.

I shall now speak of the remains of Grecian and Egyptian art which Drovetti has brought with him to Leghorn, where he has temporarily deposited them. They are probably the last spoils which will reach Europe from the Egyptian soil, as Mehemet Ali has declared that he will not suffer any more antiquities to be removed. The first of these is a colossal statue of the finest Grecian workmanship, and of white marble: an "Antinous under the form of an Apollo." It is composed of several pieces; but will be easily restored, as nothing is wanting but the hands. When I was last in Sivout and paying my respects to Achmet Pasha, governor of Upper Egypt, (the viceroy's nephew), some of his Arabs had shortly before discovered this statue in the neighbouring ruins of Lysopolis. I was so much delighted with the extraordinary beauty of its execution, that I offered him a considerable sum for it; but alas! it was intended for Drovetti. It is nearly nine feet in height.

The second antique is a colossal standing figure of white marble, which we learn, from a

Greek inscription, to be that of Queen Sabina. Its head and arms are wanting. The dignity of its attitude, and the consummate taste, with which the drapery of the robes is executed, prove it to have been chiselled in the distinguished times of Adrian. It is eight feet in height.

Next are two large old Egyptian sarcophagi of dark granite; both of them are rich in hieroglyphics, and one is embellished with them throughout the interior as well as exterior. They are in perfect preservation, and, in conjunction with the undermentioned statues, deserve to rank amongst the most splendid specimens of the kind which any museum possesses. Their length is from seven to eight feet, and their height between four and five.

In the fourth place is the colossal effigy of a "Pharaoh seated on his throne," in dark-coloured granite. The title and name on the shield, which are inscribed on the throne, declare it to be Rameses VI., the great Sesostris. It is somewhat mutilated, but there will be no difficulty in restoring it. The Egyptian Museum at Turin, which possesses the finest sarcophagi and statues of this kind in Europe, has nothing either in size or beauty to equal this specimen of Egyptian art, so far as respects the sculpture of granite. Though the figure is seated on a throne, this work is not less than eight feet high.

In the fifth and last place, there is a small slab or tombstone, which has a royal shield upon it; three large papyri, which remain to be unrolled, and some amulets.—*Pruss. Gaz.*

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE first ordinary general meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London took place at the rooms of the Horticultural Society, in Regent Street, on Monday the 8th inst., and was numerously attended. Lord Viscount Goderich, having accepted the office of biennial President, opened the business of the evening by a concise but comprehensive speech. His Lordship first informed the members, that His Majesty had graciously condescended to become the Patron of the society, which was to take the title of the "Royal Geographical Society;" and, further, with the view of promoting its objects, that His Majesty had placed at the disposal of the president and council, an annual premium of fifty guineas, from his privy purse. The president observed, he was proud to see enrolled on the list of members, names that combined the first in rank, talent, and scientific acquirements—names that promised well for the advantage, as well as the stability of the society. His Lordship referred to the Prospectus of the society, which was in the hands of the members, and which set forth the principal objects of the society, and to which he had little to add. But he took leave to observe, that such a society, with such objects in view, must be regarded as both of a useful and noble nature. They were useful, because they contributed to the advancement of science in general, and informed us of all that related to the various objects that adorned and diversified the surface of the earth, both natural and artificial. They were noble, because they elevated the mind to the sublime and magnificent works of the creation, and called forth the exercise of the noblest gifts with which mankind are endowed. There was one point that he considered of the greatest importance, in the contributions which he anticipated, not only from the members of the society, but from others not connected with it, and without which such contributions would be of little value—he meant their accuracy and veracity. Veracity, however, was a quality, he was proud to say, that formed a leading feature in the British character; and he therefore felt satisfied, that such communications as professed to be facts, would never be questioned on that score. His Lordship then

stated, that he had been called on unexpectedly to fill his present office; that, however unqualified, he had willingly accepted, and that it would be his care to execute the duties of it to the best of his ability, and with all due diligence. He assured the meeting that no allurements of pleasure should interfere with a strict attention to the promotion of the interests of the society. Supported, as he found himself to be, by the enlightened and valuable council he saw around him, he had little doubt that their united exertions would be turned to a good account; and that the society would hereafter be found not the least useful of those which were already in existence.

The secretary, Captain M'Konechie, then read aloud the minutes, and proceedings of the council, and enumerated the various books and maps which had been presented to the society: among these were some valuable donations, particularly that of Mr. Murray, who sent a catalogue of his published works, and placed at the disposal of the society any of the books contained therein, which the council might think fit to select. A short notice was read, accompanied by a sketch, of an ancient and most singular map, found in the Cathedral of Hereford, which, it is understood, is on its way to the rooms of the society.

This being the first meeting, the time was entirely occupied with the above inaugural proceedings, and the meeting adjourned until the 22nd instant, when it is expected some papers will be read.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THERE have been two meetings, and both with closed doors. We do not think it would be becoming to avail ourselves of any private information we may have, of what took place at these meetings.

MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL SOCIETY.

Tuesday, Nov. 9.—Peter Mark Roget, M.D., Sec. R.S., President, in the chair.—The society resumed their meetings for the season this evening, when Dr. Robert Lee, F.R.S., secretary, read a valuable and interesting paper on the pathology and treatment of dropsy of the amnion.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Tuesday, Nov. 9.—The first meeting of the eleventh session of the society was held this evening, Henry Brandreth jun., Esq., M.A., librarian, in the chair.—The following presents, together with many others, were announced as having been received during the recess:—Bibliothèque Classique Latine, ou, Collection des Auteurs Classiques Latines; from the Viscount Gardynier, of Paris—Traité Élémentaire de Matière Médicale; from Mons. J. B. G. Barbier, of Paris—Éléments d'Histoire Naturelle Médicale, from Mons. A. Richard, of Paris—The fourth volume of the Transactions of the Medical and Physical Society of Calcutta—The second volume of the Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain—A Collection of rare Seeds; from Professor Jacquin of Vienna—A Collection of scarce Seeds, from the interior of Ceylon; from Mr. Diarmid—Various dried and recent specimens of Plants, from Messrs. Baldwin, Lockhart, and Gibbs.

The meeting was very thinly attended, and adjourned at an early hour.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

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| MONDAY, | Medical Society | Eight, P.M. |
| | Phrenological Society | Eight, P.M. |
| TUESDAY, | Horticultural Society | One, P.M. |
| | Linnean Society | Eight, P.M. |
| WEDNESDAY, | Royal Society of Literature | Three, P.M. |
| | Society of Arts | past 7, P.M. |
| | Geological Society | past 8, P.M. |
| THURSDAY, | Royal Society | past 8, P.M. |
| | Society of Antiquaries | Eight, P.M. |
| SATURDAY, | Westminster Medical Soc... | Eight, P.M. |

FINE ARTS.

LE KEEPSAKE FRANÇAIS.

FOR these splendid productions,—which equally reflect credit on the pencil and the burin,—we have but one term sufficiently adequate—they are *magifique*! From the continent we originally received the idea of these works, which have so materially benefited art,—the question of the extent to which they have injured sound literature, remains to be more particularly noticed hereafter,—and it is quite fair to return the compliment, by admitting a kind of partnership (as in the present case,) and, by blending the works of French and English masters, to enter into a joint-stock company, having power and ability to draw largely on the bank of genius, taste, and elegance. Indeed, so anxious does the editor seem to show the completeness of his intention, that, disdaining the conventional commonplace of usual language, he has made a mixed woof, and introduced us to a work with a title composed of English and French! We shall not quarrel with a name. We should not wonder, if the word *Keepsake* be not naturalized—as the work will assuredly be—in France from this time forth.

“Le Keepsake Français” is dedicated to her Majesty. She will have no cause to blush for her patronage. It is really quite a regal work. We cannot draw up our brows, in the Red-gauntlet fashion, to criticize it. It is a new candidate for fame. It is so beautiful, that we may deem it to belong to the “softer sex”; and, gallantry forbid that we should glance coldly on it for that reason! It is also a first offering at the shrine of friendship between the two glorious nations, who, for centuries, were taught to consider each other as a “natural enemy.” We are told that “the cordial sympathy which has, for some time past, subsisted between the two nations, and which has been so warmly manifested on a recent occasion, appears to render the present attempt to extend the same friendly relations to the Literature and Arts of the sister countries, by no means ill-timed. In ‘Le Keepsake Français’ the English reader will be presented with the novelty of a series of original specimens of the highest order of French literature, combined with engravings from the most distinguished burins of his own country; whilst the French amateur will have the satisfaction of finding in it a collection of exquisite specimens of British engraving, associated with the writings of the most celebrated of his native *littérateurs*.” We cannot choose but give it a good word. Its merits have put to flight all our cold canons of criticism, and we willingly waive the measured language of staid and sage remark, and shall speak of these illustrations *con amore*.

‘The Young Widow,’ by Graves, after Richard. How beautiful! Even yet in the midnight of her sorrow—still in the calm and soft serenity of those dark eyes—resignation is enshrined. How mournfully beautiful. Is she thinking of him—the one beloved, regretted, and never to be forgotten? Or are her thoughts journeying to the far and dim land where “the weary are at rest?” Do they revert to the happy hours—sanctified by memory—that never can return? Does she glance back at the golden hours of past existence, when life seemed but one bright summer’s day, and joy was around her path a perpetual companion? There is more mind in this composition than in any we have gazed on for a long, long time. It has life, feeling, reality. We cannot find aught in it wherewith to find fault. Is it a portrait?—if so, it is doubtful if next year will not see her with a “Keepsake” of her own,—in the form of a devoted husband. The eyes that can soften to sorrow, are not without power to brighten in joy. Yet, to us, there is a greater charm in the abstractedness of

her present melancholy gaze, than there could be in the joy-tints that, of course, will irradiate that pale cheek—no longer pale then—when she dons her weeds, and once more puts on the hymeneal dress. If she does perpetrate a second marriage, all the romance wherewith we have invested her, flies off like the memory of a dream! The Ephesian widow is *not* a fiction. Who does not know

‘Miss Croker?’ Not she with the cognomen of “Ally,” so immortal in most unmelodious song, but the Miss Croker, whom Lawrence has introduced to an admiring world. We here have it in a smaller size, and the engraver (Thompson) has made her look more charming than ever.

Why does not Leslie give us some more illustrations of

‘Don Quixotte?’ There is scarcely a page of that extraordinary work, which laughed chivalry out of Europe, that might not furnish matter for the pencil: and then the popularity they would be sure of winning!—for who is there that has not read and does not read *Don Quixotte*? Here we have him, engraved by Sangster, from Bonington—one of the most promising artists that death ever snatched away in the “purpurea juventus” of years and fame. The Knight is at a table, gloating over a ponderous tome—doubtless one of those the cruel curate in after-days committed to the flames in the court-yard; in his lap, some three or four other volumes, which he probably has been using for reference, lie open. The armour on the table, the crucifix on the wall, the sword pensile from his chair, the wine-flask flanking the books on the table—these are the accessories: but the Don stands out boldly, as he ought, the subject of the picture; just as in the Macædian tragedies, all is sacrificed to make the hero prominent. If we were disposed to find fault, we would say that the figure is scarcely lank enough, and the high-backed chair he sits in, makes the “Knight of the woeful Countenance” appear small, by contrast.

‘Barnard Castle,’ by Willmore, from Turner. A fine English scene and most carefully engraved. The shadows on the water are well thrown out.

Italy! golden, glorious Italy! Those who cannot see it themselves, may snatch a thought of it as it is, from the pencil of Stanfield—our English Claude. Here is

‘Como,’ with its mountains rearing their summits to high heaven; its houses, white in the brilliancy of a southern sky; its lake, gemmed with skiffs, whose snow-white sails woo the passing breeze—and, more than all, manhood and beauty mingling mirth with music, and

Smiling as if earth contained no tomb.

‘The Tuilleries, and the Pont Royal.’ How many associations are linked with this, the imperial palace of him,

Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car! the regal residence of the ex-patriated Bourbons; and, finally, the home where the citizen-king once more assumed the tri-coloured badge to which France pointed, as to a beacon of hope, when misrule was dominant, and the fortunes of the country had “fallen upon evil days.” If the Tuilleries had been made more prominent, and the bridge less monopolizing, the effect would have been better.

‘Cromwell and his Daughter.’ Is this the fierce monarcho-republican who refused the crown he aimed at? It is the same; softened down, but still unbending. Who could refuse boon to that fair creature kneeling at his feet? Yet, the compression of the lip, and the calmness of his aspect, shows that she sues in vain. We understand not why the curtain is drawn aside from the portrait of Charles—it may be necessary to illustrate the story.

‘The Young Shepherd,’ by A. Johannot. Truly, this painter has caught the spirit of Gainsborough. The dog by his side is one which

Landseer might be proud to own. The shadow on the upper part of the youth’s face is beautifully managed, but the face itself has a trace of age and care.

‘Dieppe.’ Have we not seen this before—or is it, that, having seen the place it represents, we recognize it at once? It is a very faithful sketch, but more might have been made of it.

‘The Queen of the French,’ a very passable sort of middle-aged lady. It is well enough engraved by Thompson.

‘Curiosity.’ Ah, what will not be done when curiosity gets the whip-hand!—Here are two sweet creatures, who, having laid hold of the work-box of a companion, are “overhauling her traps” (as the Tars say), and very impertinently reading her love-letters. They have just got hold of a copy of verses sent by her lover, who has used them a score times before—and are seeing it all, as the little boys see the puppet-shows, “for nothing.” This is very cleverly done. It tells its own story—how angry the owner of the love-rhymes seems.

‘The Benediction,’ ‘The Chevalier de Lauzan et Madame de Montpensier,’ ‘The Young Savoyard,’ and ‘The Ass and the Reliques,’ must be content with being merely mentioned as “well done.”

We have no fancy whatever for the

‘Swiss Girl,’ by Colin. She sits on a bank with a bunch of posies in her hand, and a most lack-a-daisical kind of expression on her face. She tries her best to look killing. Positively, we cannot patronize her.

The Presentation Vignette, and the Inscription Plate, are neat. The latter indeed, is elegantly elaborated.

And here we pause. If the literary contents at all equal the pictorial ones, we shall have that *desideratum*—a good Annual. Among the names given as “authors of *Le Keepsake Français*,” we notice the *élite* of the French writers. Mrs. Alaric Watts intends employing the plates we have just noticed, to illustrate an Annual called “The Talisman,” which is to be made up of “Specimens of British Literature, partly original, but chiefly selected.” If the selection be good, and it is to be made from “works comparatively unknown or unappreciated,” the book may succeed: at least it *ought*—for selected sense is better than original nonsense.

‘Le Keepsake Français’ has our hearty good wishes. Again we say it is a splendid work, and the publishers have done their duty: if the ‘authors’ have acquitted themselves equally well, we think the public will be dutiful enough to buy it up.

An exhibition of the living artists of France has been opened in the gallery of the Chamber of Peers at Paris, for the benefit of the wounded in the late Revolution. The price of admission is fifty centimes, and the receipts of four days amounted to 1790 francs.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

An interlude, which the play-bills call a Ballet, was produced at this Theatre on Monday evening. We are not in the habit of filling our columns with lengthened details of plots: but we think we can manage to put our readers in possession of this without much exertion on either our part or theirs. A certain Sultan becomes uncertain as to which of three ladies he shall marry: they dance before him, and he decides. This is the plot. The first lady (Miss Baseke) was in some degree approved by the audience, but the Sultan did not fancy her; the second (Miss Barnett) exerted herself greatly to obtain the preference, and the House gave its consent: even the Sultan seemed to waver, but prudently reserved his decision until he had seen what the third could do. This third was personated by a Mdlle. Rosalia Guet, from the Opera at Paris,

a very fair specimen of a third-rate in the French school of dancing. This lady's steps crushed Miss Barnett's hopes, and her feet gained the Sultan's hand. At this selection Miss Barnett kicked violently,—so violently, indeed, that had she kicked against the Sultan himself, instead of his decision, we think she must have moved him. As it was, she missed her aim, and the successful candidate was forthwith chaired, or rather palanquined. We do not approve of these exhibitions at our national Theatres; but if we must have them, at least let their getting-up be directed with a less slovenly and less niggardly hand than this was. The same set of female dancers who figured at the end of the first scene, had to be employed in the beginning of the second, and were to pass for different people. To effect this, a change of dress was necessary, which could not of course be made in the whistling of a prompter: the consequence was, that when the scene changed, only four out of eight were *en place*, and the remainder came in one by one, huddling on the coloured robes, and tying their sashes as they danced confusedly into the positions assigned them. Then we were favoured with an article which purported to be a splendid curtain, forming one side of an apartment in the Sultan's palace, but which, from its ragged state, and the dirt and grease spots on it, we think must have been long used for cleaning the lamps. But the most entertaining piece of managerial parsimony was exhibited in the person of M. Simon, the ballet-master, who was, at the commencement of the piece, the Sultan of the evening. We know that sudden elevations as well as sudden depositions are of common occurrence among eastern sovereigns, but here we had one who, after having just chosen a very pretty wife, voluntarily abdicated his throne, abandoned the pleasure of dancing at his own wedding, threw away his sceptre, and took the situation and stick of drum-major in a marching regiment! This conduct reminded us of the sailor, who being called on in turn to name *his* wish, when wishing was going the round of a party of his messmates, said he wished "he was First Lord of the Admiralty for half an hour;" and when required to explain why, gravely replied, "that he might make himself *cook of the Billy*," as the *Royal William*, then flag-ship at Portsmouth, was called. We could scarcely believe our eyes when we saw our late friend, the Sultan, so degraded; and were obliged to look several times, first at the empty throne, and then at the full band, before we were convinced of the fact. Perhaps it would be unreasonable to expect the management to grant us eight more young ladies; but we do ask them, on behalf of the public, for a new curtain to the Sultan's chamber, and one supernumerary for the military band; recommending them, moreover, as a general rule, if "one man" must, in *their* time, "play many parts," not to double drum-majors with sultans. We ought to qualify our critical murmurs by recording, that this dance was very much applauded at the end.

On Thursday the Opera of "Hofer" was played for the first time this season. All praise being first accorded to Rossini for the splendid music it contains, we may affirm that the dramatic skill of Planché, and the masterly musical adaptation by Bishop, must ensure this opera permanent possession of the British stage. We could, therefore, much wish to see it presented perfect in all its parts. The male cast was the same as last season, and Mr. H. Phillips and Mr. Sinclair well deserved the hearty applause they met with. Mr. Sinclair has evidently taken a new lease of himself, and we must, therefore, recommend him this opera as a *fixture*. Anxious, if (critically speaking) we dare, to be civil on all occasions to ladies, we regret being obliged to record the complete inefficiency of Miss Pearson and Miss Russell, who half filled

the parts formerly filled by Miss Stephens and Madame Vestris. In a management *professedly* musical, we really have a right to expect that a distinction will be taken between *singers* and *ladies who sing*.

After "Hofer," a new comic interlude was produced, called "Turning the Tables." Mr. Poole is the author, and we are happy to congratulate him and the public on its richly merited success. The "unde derivatur" of this piece is a French one, by M. Scribe, entitled "Le Nouveau Porceaugnac;" but the transmogrification is so complete in its English dress, that it may be said to be "as good as new." We are not of those who cavil at the theatrical writers of the present day, because they borrow from the French stage. The French stage is not a bit more particular in this respect than the English, for it steals from German, English, Italian, and Spanish, indiscriminately; but the English critics are much more particular than the French, for the former reproach their countrymen, and the latter do not. At least it must be admitted that English writers have a brilliant precedent to quote in the person of an immortal countryman—Nelson, whose works will be remembered as long as "All the world's a stage," and who *took almost everything from the French*. An outline of the plot of "Turning the Tables," may be given in a few words. A wealthy tradesman of the name of *Knibbs*, residing at Uxbridge, has a romantic novel-reading daughter called *Sally*, who hates her own name, and loves a lawyer's clerk called *Edgar de Courcy*; her father disapproves of *Edgar* on account of his poverty, but approves of a *Mr. Bumps*, son of a friend of his, a riband-weaver of Coventry, on account of his wealth. *Bumps* arrives to claim his bride, and is received in turn by her; her lover, her lover's male cousin, *Jack Humphries*, a self-sufficient exciseman, played by Mr. Liston, and the exciseman's wife, all of whom, under the idea that *Bumps* must be a bumpkin, enter into a confederacy to play off a series of tricks upon him, and so disgust him with the house and family: *Bumps* having accidentally learned all their plans from a talkative servant-maid, whom he encounters as he descends from the coach, alters his dress and manner, affects to be the fool they thought him, defeats all their attempts, embroils them in suspicions of one another, and completely turns the tables upon them. The acting on all hands was admirable—but in particular we ought to distinguish Cooper, who played his part to the life. Mrs. Orger, who by her imitable personation of the servant-maid, changed the least character in the piece into the first—and Liston, who, as soon as his delivery of the words becomes as *perfect* as his acting was, will be quite killing. We cannot conclude without repeating our unqualified praise of Mrs. Orger, and thanking her for one of the most exquisite bits which has been seen on the stage for many a day.

COVENT-GARDEN.

A new interlude was also produced at this Theatre on Thursday, but Drury Lane got in the way, and prevented us from seeing it. It is said to be a first attempt, and we hear it was completely successful. If so, we shall give an account of it next week.

THEATRICAL CHAT.

Madame Soniat.—A letter from Warsaw mentions, that this syren, during her recent visit to that capital, Moscow, and St. Petersburg, has derived no less a sum than *eight thousand pounds* from her public concerts, independently of hosts of costly presents.

The Birmingham Theatre closed this week, after a "campaign" of about two or three months. During which time, Madame Malibran Garcia, Mr. Braham, Michael Boni, Miss Kemble,

Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Bianchi Taylor, Miss Coventry, Master Burke, and the Elephant, have been starring it on these boards. *On dit* that the season has not been the most profitable in the world.

OCTOGENARIAN REMINISCENCES.

GARRICK was in the habit of riding on horseback from his villa at Hampton, to attend the rehearsals at the Richmond Theatre. On one of these occasions, in the summer of the year 1770, he came over for the purpose of superintending a rehearsal of "Romeo and Juliet." I was present. The part of *Romeo* was to be sustained by a young man of the name of Cautherley who was a sort of *protégé* of Garrick, and even by some said to be an illegitimate son of his—not however that the assertion, as far as I could learn, had any foundation in truth. Garrick's habit, when listening to the rehearsal of either a new performer or a new play, was, to perambulate the front of the stage close to the orchestra, stopping short and striking with his stick when he had any particular remark to make. The performance on this occasion did not appear to me to be very satisfactory to the great little man, for he was evidently fidgetty, and several times checked a rising inclination to interfere. At length he lost all patience. Cautherley was on the ground making his "last dying speech," which he was allowed to deliver without interruption, until, with the lungs of a Stentor, he roared out, "My powers are blasted!"—"Not they, by G—d, Sir," said Garrick, stopping, leaning both hands upon his stick, and fixing his eagle eye upon poor Cautherley; "you're as well as ever you were in your life;—when a man's powers are blasted, can he bawl loud enough to be heard half a mile off?"

Foote, who was sometimes called the Modern Aristophanes, had a very delightful *maison de campagne* at Waltham Green. It should seem, that he was under an impression that the licence granted him for his plays extended to his conversation, for he was in the habit of saying anything he chose to anybody. I remember one morning, in the spring of 1774, going with a mutual friend to call on him at North End. We found him walking in his garden with his factotum Mr. Jewell. In the course of conversation I remarked to him, "You have a charming retreat here, Mr. Foote." "Yes, pleasant enough," was the answer. "What surprises me is, that you should have obtained this extensive garden so near London." "It is somewhat unusual," replied Foote; "the Duke of Cumberland [†] was here the other day and made the same observation. "Foote," said he, "you have a vast deal of ground here." "Yes," I replied, "please your Royal Highness, rather more, I fancy, than your Royal Highness's brothers of Mecklenburgh have, for I am told you might water all their dominions with a tea-pot."

We are happy to find that His Majesty's packet *Opossum* has arrived at Falmouth, though she struck on the bar of the Rio Francisco, on the coast of Brazil, last September—owing, principally, to an error in the position of that river in the charts. The vessel, being lightened, beat over the bar, and was taken up the river by the local pilots. When re-embarking her stores, we regret to say, that Lieut. Hannam, the commander, was drowned in the surf. The boat's crew were fortunately saved by the launch of His Majesty's ship *Druid*, which was sent to their assistance.

The correct position of the entrance of this river, as given in the French Survey of M. Baron de Roussin, and corroborated by the Master of the *Druid*, is, lat. $10^{\circ} 23' S.$, and lon. $36^{\circ} 24' W.$, being 3*4* miles to the northward, and 18 mi-

[†] Brother of George III.

notes to the westward of that assigned to it in the chart which the *Opossum* had on board, and which appears to have been compiled by Arrowsmith from the authority of Pimentel, the celebrated Portuguese pilot. No blame can therefore attach to the late commander of the packet, as he was officially furnished with this chart; nor indeed to Government; for correct hydrography is a science of slow growth, and, in its infancy, the utmost that could be done was to supply His Majesty's ships with the charts of Arrowsmith, Faden, Laurie, and other eminent map-sellers. But it is with great satisfaction that we learn the Admiralty are now engraving M. de Roussin's Survey, enriched with the recent observations of several experienced naval officers. These charts will be of the utmost importance on a coast, where the shoal water extends to such a distance from the shore, and where the errors of position are so enormous.

Sand Bank in the Atlantic.—The Literary Gazette of the 30th of last month, states, that a sand bank was seen by the brig *Joseph Hume*, in the latitude of 39° N., and longitude of 64° 20' W., distant about 387 miles to the northward of the Bermudas. It would, according to this position, be exactly in the track of vessels passing between Bermuda and Halifax; one that has been repeatedly passed over by His Majesty's ships, and yet we have not heard of it till now. We fully agree, that too much attention cannot be paid to the investigation of these terrors of the ocean; but we must confess our doubts of its reality until some further evidence is adduced in support of it, besides that on which its account is at present founded.

Aitkin's Rock.—Among the various important maritime surveys which are at present in progress on our own as well as foreign coasts, we are called on to notice the indefatigable exertions of a little squadron, which has been employed during the past summer, under the orders of Capt. A. T. E. Vidal, R. N., in search of that long supposed, and much dreaded danger, termed Aitkin's Rock, said to be situated off the north-west coast of Ireland. We have just seen a chart which has been sent by the Admiralty to the merchants of Glasgow, and which is to be exhibited in the Public Rooms of that great commercial city, for the benefit of its numerous shipping—on which are described the whole of its supposed positions, with the multitudinous tracks of the above squadron, in search of this "misterioso." Surely, no one who examines this important document, can feel any longer, anxiety as to the non-existence of this long-dreaded rock; and we now hope, from the increasing attention which this important part of our great commercial interest is daily receiving from the heads of our naval profession, that the question of the existence of numerous other reported dangers in the Atlantic ocean will speedily be set at rest.

During the consulate of Napoleon, in 1803, when he was residing at Brussels, he was accosted by a soldier covered with rags, who, after the usual military salute, said, "Good morning, General." The Consul looked at him with surprise, and demanded, "Whence come you, my bold fellow?"—"I come," he said, "to inquire, if these clothes (showing his tatters) are fit for a soldier who has served his country for thirty-six years." Napoleon reflected an instant, and then, with that kindness and tact so peculiar to him, said, "I will give you new apparel, though I do it with regret."—"With regret, General?" "Yes, with regret, for, in covering you with new garments, I shall hide an honourable scar which I perceive on your breast." Napoleon ordered him to be equipped, and settled on him a pension of one hundred crowns.

The French newspapers, which, in 1815, were subject to the censor, announced the departure

of Bonaparte from Elba, his progress through France, and his entry into Paris, in the following ingenious manner:—9th of March, the Anthropophagus has quitted his den—10th, the Corsican Ogre has landed at Cape Juan—11th, the Tiger has arrived at Gap—12th, the Monster slept at Grenoble—13th, the Tyrant has passed through Lyons—14th, the Usurper is directing his steps towards Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen *en masse* and surround him on all sides—18th, Bonaparte is only sixty leagues from the capital; he has been fortunate enough to escape the hands of his pursuers—19th, Bonaparte is advancing with rapid steps, but he will never enter Paris—20th, Napoleon will, to-morrow, be under our ramparts—21st, the Emperor is at Fontainebleau—22d, His Imperial and Royal Majesty, yesterday evening, arrived at the Tuilleries, amidst the joyful acclamations of his devoted and faithful subjects.

His Majesty has honoured Major-General Mundy (at a private audience on Wednesday), by accepting a copy of his forthcoming "Life of Lord Rodney," reviewed in this day's paper.

Professor Erman.—Some few months back, we had the gratification of communicating some original extracts from this indefatigable traveler's journal of a tour through the northern and easternmost quarters of Russia in Asia. By advices from Berlin, of 30th ultimo, we are rejoiced to learn, that he had just returned in safety to that capital.

The Schah of Persia has just published a collection of his poetical works, under the following title:—"Poems of Him before whom all Nations prostrate themselves in adoration."

An appropriate Chairman.—The horticultural dinner in Rochester on the 8th was supplied with *American wine*, from the vineyard of Mr. Adlum. *Domestic Temperance* was president on the occasion.—*New York Courier*.

An American editor, in mentioning the sale of the late King's walking-sticks to Hamlet, observes, there is a great moral in presenting walking-sticks to a man that could not walk a mile.

The downfall of the late dynasty in France has brought Napoleon again on the stage; the following are the announcements at five of the Parisian theatres:—

Nouveautés—Bonaparte à l'Ecole de Brienne.

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Ambigu—Napoléon.

The king of France—we beg pardon, the king of the French, has taken the French society for the diffusion of useful knowledge under his protection.

Varma.—M. Teplakoff, who has been employed on archaeological investigations in Bulgaria under the auspices of the Russian government, asserts, that he has obtained indisputable proof that Varma is the site of the ancient Odessos; and he conjectures, that the present citadel formed its Acropolis.

Athenæum Advertisement.

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| Days of W. W.M. | Thermom. Max. | Barometer. Min. | Winds. | Weather. |
|--------------------|------------------|--------------------|--------|-----------------------|
| Th. | 48 | 45 | 29.98 | S. W. |
| Fr. | 59 | 50 | 29.65 | S. W. |
| Sat. | 69 | 59 | 29.37 | S.W. high. |
| Sun. | 74 | 38 | 28.75 | S. W. |
| Mon. | 81 | 30 | 29.30 | S. W. |
| Tues. | 90 | 40 | 29.56 | Var. |
| Wed. 10 | 56 | 48 | 29.54 | S. to S.W. Rain, r.m. |

Prevailing Clouds.—*Cirrostratus and Cumulus*. On clear nights the Cirrostratus at an immense elevation. Rain during the night on Saturday and Wednesday; in the morning on Sunday and Thursday.

Mean temperature of the week, 45°.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.

The Moon and Saturn in conjunction on Monday, at 5½ A.M.

Jupiter's geocentric long. on Wed. 14° 25' in Capricorn.

Mars — 23° 58' in Pisces.

Sun's — 17° 36' in Scorpio.

Length of day on Wed. 9h. 4m.; decreased, 7h. 30m. Sun's horary motion 2° 30'. Logarithmic number of distance 9.9552.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Philo-Humbug is too good to be lost; but such things cannot appear in our own paper.—We are greatly obliged to J. H. M., but our space is so limited at the present moment, from the pressure of temporary works, that many original articles have been sent some time in type, and are still deferred; his paper will, however, appear, now or hereafter, in one shape or another.—Thanks to Z. for intention, at least: it will be considered.—To F. No. 1.—Through accident, we have only just received the letter from W. B., Glasgow. The subject will be immediately attended to.

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